HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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BLESSED BE THE UNION.

More Civil Service Reform.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for June 8 contains the tenth instalment of the serial "Silent Pete," which grows more and more absorbing as it nears the close; "Elaine's Garden Party," a very pretty story by JULIA K. HILDRETH, *with a full-page illustration by* WELDON; "*Some Curious Fishermen,*" *by* CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, *illustrated by* DAN BEARD; *and "Sails for Open Boats," with drawings, by* LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS, U.S.R.M.

Other illustrations and poems are by JESSIE SHEPHERD, P. NEWELL, A. BRENNAN, MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *etc.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1886.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *to be published June 16, will be of remarkable literary and artistic interest. It will contain a full-page portrait of* MR. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, *accompanying a critical essay by* MR. HENRY JAMES.

An additional attraction of the same number will be a new poem by MR. BRET HARTE, "*Artemis in Sierra,*" *with illustrations.*

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE nomination of General FISK by the Prohibition party in New Jersey as its candidate for Governor is very significant. The Republican Conference at Trenton had just declared that the Republican party must repel the influence of the saloon in the management of the party and in the nomination of candidates. The object was to prove to the temperance voters that they might hope more from Republican than from Democratic success. The New York *Tribune* promptly recurred to this appeal, and regretted the action of the Prohibitionists as sure to make drinking freer than ever, and in fact to promote instead of preventing intemperance. Apart from the drollery of such an appeal in a journal which had just aided the passage of the excise bill in the liquor interest, it is obvious that it is merely the argument of the old Whigs to the antislavery men, that the Democrats were more pro-slavery than the Whigs. This was an excellent and effective argument until it became clear that the Whig party was no barrier to slavery aggression. When that fact appeared plainly, the antislavery voters in New York supported their own candidate, and although the Democrats succeeded in the immediate election, the result was the dissolution of the Whig party, the defeat of the Democratic party for a quarter of a century, and the abolition of slavery.

The action of the Republican Legislature of New York in refusing to submit the temperance amendment which the Republican Convention had promised to favor; the defeat of the local option bill by a Republican Legislature in New Jersey; the conduct of the Republican Legislature in Rhode Island in regard to the chief officer for the enforcement of the prohibitory law; the passage by the Republican Legislature in New York of the excise bill passed by the liquor interest, with the notorious message of Mr. SHOOK, a chief Republican manager, to the *Tribune*:—

"ALBANY, *May* 12.

"*To the 'Tribune,' New York city*:

"The excise bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three Commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a GRACE Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against *us* politically.

"SHERIDAN SHOOK"—

with the evidently increasing influence of the saloon in the management of Republican politics—are bringing the earnest temperance voters in the Republican party to the position of the antislavery Whigs forty years ago. They feel that when a great party is content to appeal for support on the ground that it is not quite as bad as the other party, the time has arrived to seek the ends in which they are most interested by other means. What we may describe as the Whig argument is worse than useless; it is a mere stupid attempt at hoodwinking, if the party cannot show by its action that while it cannot do all that the temperance voters desire, it is steadily going forward. But the temperance complaint of the Republican party is that it is steadily going backward. The recent action of the party seems to sustain this view, and when such Republicans as those whose letters are printed in the *Voice*, Republicans quite as earnest and disinterested as Mr. SHOOK, or Mr. O'BRIEN, or Mr. BIGLIN, or any member of the New York or National Republican committees, are willing to say either that they condemn or are losing or have lost hope of the party as a promoter of temperance, it may be safely assumed that they have a large following.

The recent party action, as the telegram of Mr. SHOOK shows, has been taken in the interest of BLAINE Republicans, and undoubtedly to promote the nomination of Mr. BLAINE in 1888. It recalls his "dodging" of the question at the polls in 1884. He decided not to vote upon it because he said that he was a representative of national issues, and would not thrust a State issue into a national campaign. This showed plainly enough his willingness to risk alienating the temperance rather than the liquor vote. The general result of the election in 1884 and the course of events since that election have evidently persuaded the managers of the BLAINE canvass in New York that their true policy is to exchange the Mugwump, the Stalwart, and the temperance vote for such part of the liquor and Democratic vote as they can retain and gain. It is a natural result within the party of the dominance of the forces which secured the nomination of Mr. BLAINE in 1884. A correspondent in Nebraska writes that three-fourths of the Republicans in the Northwest are BLAINE men, and will demand his nomination in '88. He adds sarcastically that he is amazed to find how large a part of the party have gone wrong. But our correspondent will remember that a Whig could have used precisely the same sarcasm to an antislavery man in 1844. Nevertheless the Whig position was fatal to the party, although the great body of Whigs sustained it. Upon a general calculation of probabilities, if the Republican party, with the enormous advantages of the sincere and general distrust of the Democratic party, and with the support of capital due to that distrust, with the prestige of unbroken victory for a quarter of a century, with the virtually complete control of the patronage, and the recollection of the war, could not succeed with Mr. BLAINE in 1884, is it likely that with the total disappearance of that mistrust, with the fidelity of the President to the convictions and the course which secured his election, with the evidence that no great national interest has been endangered by Republican defeat, with the conviction that long party possession of power is not desirable, and with the evident desire of Republican managers to seek the alliance of the liquor interest and of the least intelligent Democrats—with all this, is it likely that it will be easier to elect Mr. BLAINE in 1888? If for various reasons there were many independent Republicans in 1884, is it not probable that, if the same issue should be joined under the changed circumstances, there would be many more in 1888?

THE SENATORIAL NEGATIVE.

THE *Herald* recently published a long interview with Governor HILL, of New York, in which he criticised freely the conduct of the Legislature, and denounced very strongly the confirming power of the Senate. Governor HILL, who is a Democrat, said that he hoped the abolition of that power would be made the policy of his party, and that he would have the power of appointment and removal confided to the Executive without restriction. The immediate occasion of his remarks upon the subject was the refusal of the Republican Senate of New York to confirm his nominations of unexceptionable persons to succeed certain officers whose terms have long since expired, and who are merely holding over. There is no doubt that the action of the Senate defeats the constitutional purpose in giving to it the confirming power. That purpose is not to enable a Senate to retain its partisans in office, but to take care that only fit and proper persons are nominated for office. If a Senate can properly refuse to consent to the appointment of Quarantine Commissioners merely because of a difference of political views with the Executive, it may refuse to confirm members of the President's Cabinet for the same reason. In such refusal, however, it would transcend no law or express provision, and this was one of the reasons of the opposition to the Senatorial negative when it was first proposed.

The strong support of the proposed negative lay in the feeling of jealousy of the "one man power" which the conduct of the British King had produced in the American mind. But JOHN ADAMS, who had the most truly constructive genius of all our early statesmen, was very strongly opposed to the confirming power of the Senate. In the summer of 1789 he had a very interesting correspondence upon the subject with ROGER SHERMAN. His chief objections were that it would lessen the responsibility of the Executive; that it would confuse the executive and legislative branches of the government, and prevent the latter from being a check upon the former; that it would lead to the grossest corruption by arousing ambition which would seek to gratify itself by building up a following in the several States; that it would beget contentions between the Executive and the Senate, without any compensating advantage; that it would produce party conflicts in the Senate itself, waged by intrigue and corruption; that it would weaken the Executive by dividing the attachment of his subordinates, and lead the President's "own officers" to hold out against him by seeking the favor of the Senate.

ROGER SHERMAN thought that the evils anticipated by Mr. ADAMS were not likely to arise. But experience has justified Mr. ADAMS's foresight. SHERMAN admitted that it would lessen the President's responsibility, but he thought that he would still have enough. He said that the Senators would inform the President who in their several States were best qualified for office. He thought that the Senators would be the citizens of the States most eminent for wisdom and probity, who would be

"superior to faction, intrigue, or low artifice to obtain appointments for themselves or their friends, and any attempts of that kind would destroy their reputation with a free and enlightened people, and so frustrate the end they would have in view. Their being candidates for reëlection will probably be one of the most powerful motives (next to that of their virtue) to fidelity in office, and by that means alone would they hope for success."

It is true, he said, that they have friends and kindred to provide for;

"but when we consider their character and situation, will they not be diffident of nominating a friend or relative who may wish for an office, and be well qualified for it, lest it should be suspected to proceed from partiality?"

Read in the light of experience, these views of ROGER SHERMAN have all the amiable innocence of what Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH would call Sunday-school statesmanship. JOHN ADAMS was a wiser man. His sagacity forecast the fact. Indeed, one of the worst results of the Senatorial veto has been the temptation to confirm unfit persons in order to discredit the President and his party. The usual argument for Senatorial confirmation now is that the number of offices vacated every four years is so enormous that it is impossible for the President to ascertain the facts in regard to applicants, and the Senators are supposed to have means of local and personal information in regard to their own States. This, however, might be at the service of the Executive without giving the Senate a veto. The repeal of the four years law would release the President from the larger part of the present pressure for appointment; and if the conduct of the New York Senate in regard to the nominations upon which it refused to act because of party considerations should become a settled abuse, the question which Governor HILL suggests would become of great importance.

MESSRS. HOLMAN AND RANDALL AS REFORMERS.

MR. HOLMAN, of Indiana, is a Representative in Congress whose name is often mentioned in the newspapers as objecting to various public measures, and especially to appropriations. Effective and strongly urged objection to extravagance in public expenditure is an excellent public service. But Mr. HOLMAN'S service consists chiefly in the objection. His latest effort of this kind is objecting to the rule of the civil service law which requires that selections from those who prove their fitness by examination shall be made according to their standing. Mr. HOLMAN prefers that the selection should be made for partisan reasons, and Mr. RANDALL is of the same opinion. In other words, these gentlemen, knowing that the object of the examination is to baffle personal and political favoritism in appointments, propose to restore that favoritism as a means of carrying out the purpose of the bill. "I may not be a wise man," said one of the contestants in a debate, to his opponent, "but I am not a —— fool." The public may not be deeply versed in the rules which the President has approved for carrying the reform law into effect, but it knows the purpose of the law, and it knows also the purpose of Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL. It is to nullify the law, and to nullify it under the old trick of pretending to amend it.

Mr. HOLMAN is reported to have said in an interview:

"The civil service law, I think, will be changed under the provisions proposed in the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Bill which has been reported to the House. If so, it will be following out what was contemplated in the law when it passed, and will be instrumental *in equalizing the various offices between the two parties*, and not give it all to the Republicans who are claiming them."

Mr. HOLMAN was a member of the House when the bill was passed, and he knew of course that the intention of the law was wholly to disregard party and party sympathy in the range of appointments to which it applied, and that it contemplated equalization in no other sense than the assumption that when such appointments were entirely freed from partisan manipulation, persons of all party views would be admitted to the service. His proposition is to open the whole eligible list and select Democrats because they are Democrats. His assumption is that the Democratic appointing officer, when he had "equalized" his appointments in this way, would continue to select alternately from the two parties. He assumes that the Democratic Surveyor in New York, for instance, when the Democratic half of his list of appointments was full, would pass by the Democrats whom he might select and select a Republican. If that is supposed in the House of Representatives, we venture to say that it is not believed in the New York Custom-house.

The change proposed by Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL is a virtual repeal or nullification of the reform law. It is an indirect method of restoring the spoils system in that small part of the service from which the law now excludes it. It is an attempt to "head off" the President's policy and to fill the service with

Democratic partisans. It is also legislation introduced into an appropriation bill and a project to overrule the Executive discretion. The plea is that the operation of the law is to retain some Republican subordinate officers. The reply is that the object of the law is to retain all subordinate officers who are honest and capable, and who do not politically abuse their trusts. If, as a matter of policy, it should be thought best to entertain the consideration of party in regard to such places, the object could be achieved in filling the places which ought to be vacated. But it should be understood that it is "the medicine of the Constitution," not its daily fare. To introduce party and political considerations at all is to tamper with the essential principles of reform, which is that proved merit and not party views shall determine appointment. Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL, in the sneaking attack upon the reformed system, undoubtedly represent the feeling of a great body of Democrats as of Republicans. But the law was passed in deference, not to the wishes of party bosses and politicians, but to a strong public sentiment, and that sentiment is stronger and more emphatic than ever before—so strong and so emphatic, indeed, that the sole chance of Democratic success in '88 depends upon the action of the Democratic President, who is a sincere and courageous reformer.

MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

THE simplicity of the President's wedding was characteristic. It was impossible that such an event should not create general interest, and it called a momentary truce to partisan hostility. The expression of sincere good-will was universal, and the White House under its young mistress will now be the scene of charming festivities.

Jenkins has had what he would call "a glorious time" in the anticipation of this event. On the morning of the wedding, although he announced that he was not invited, yet he declared that he should give the fullest details of the ceremony, and thus kindly assured us in advance that his story would be a work of imagination. He was ready at one door with carriages to pursue the President and his wife by whatever route they might choose to go. But the President and his wife left by another door, and poor Jenkins was eluded, or "left," and his ready carriages were in vain.

There is no doubt that the country heartily congratulates the President and his wife.

A MUGWUMP'S VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT.

ONE of the most independent of Mugwumps in the campaign of 1884 was Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT, son of EDWARD EVERETT, and Principal of the Adams Academy at Quincy, Massachusetts. Dr. EVERETT was one of the most popular, eloquent, and effective of the Mugwump orators upon the stump. He said frankly that he belonged to no party, unless he should be considered a survival of the old Whigs, and that he was not an Independent Republican, as many other Mugwumps were, but an Independent pure and simple.

He has lately written a letter, at the request of the Springfield *Republican*, in which he states his views of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, and the grounds of his earnest support of it. It is a very independent and forcible letter, and presents the case in the clearest and most ardent manner. Dr. EVERETT says that he supported Mr. CLEVELAND because he had shown that he understood the business of governing, of which business Mr. BLAINE, as Secretary of State, "had made a mess"; and he thinks that Mr. CLEVELAND'S recommendations to Congress have been sagacious and comprehensive, and disclose a national policy which would secure the success of any party.

In regard to the great task of appointment to office, Dr. EVERETT writes energetically and in some detail. He points out the actual circumstances, the necessity of the President's taking advice, and the want of any proper provision for furnishing advice, and holds that the true wonder is that in spite of the enormous difficulties of his situation he has done so well and has made so few objectionable appointments. He reproaches reformers and Independents for holding aloof and requiring the President, unaided, to make no mistakes, when, with all the assistance possible, mistakes are inevitable. Dr. EVERETT states the case as every Independent supporter of the President feels it to be. We do not know one person who might be accepted as a spokesman of the Independent sentiment whose view does not in general coincide with that of Dr. EVERETT, although many would criticise some things more sharply. But there are thousands of citizens who did not vote for Mr. CLEVELAND who would cordially agree that Dr. EVERETT'S view of the President's course as cautious, courageous, judicious, and patriotic is wholly true.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

THE copyright bill of Senator CHACE has been reported to the Senate, but its present passage by Congress is hardly probable. It differs from the HAWLEY bill as originally drawn in providing for manufacture in this country, and in prohibiting the entrance of the foreign printed book. The report says truly, "The time will come when our people will look back upon our failure to recognize this right of the foreign author very much as we view the action of our English ancestors in regard to privacy and privateering." There is evidently, however, some difference of opinion as to what that right really is.

In a letter to the *Tribune*, which had criticised some provisions of his bill, Senator CHACE asserts copyright to be a special privilege or monopoly, and not a common-law right. This is true so far as this, that legislation in England and in this country has practically annulled the original right at common law, and many of the best friends of the author's right have urged that it is better to waive the question of such right pending the discussion of a proposition to give the foreign author the benefit of a recognition of a limited term of copyright. This is the view taken by Professor HUXLEY before the English Commission, and it does not compromise in the least the claim of absolute right.

Senator CHACE is aware, of course, that the act of ANNE was not designed to abolish, but to protect, the author's right. Subsequent action in Parliament and our own legislation, indeed, have proceeded upon the theory that copyright is not a right at common law, but a specific grant for the benefit of the state. The Constitution of the United States recognizes no abstract right in the author, and expressly gives him a limited copyright, not because it is his, and should be secured to him, of right, but "to promote the progress of science and useful arts." The constitutional argument for international copyright is that it will promote the progress of science and the useful arts in the United States. If its opponents can show that it will not do that, they will have a standing in the Constitution. But the strength of the demand lies in the consciousness of the citizen that the measure is essentially just.

CITY CELEBRATIONS.

THE city of Springfield, Massachusetts, has just celebrated the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its settlement, and Providence, Rhode Island, will celebrate a similar anniversary on the 24th of June. The story of both cities is full of interest as characteristic not only of Puritan pluck, but of Puritan capacity. The Puritans were most effective builders of states, and ROGER WILLIAMS, although called an Anabaptist, was essentially a Puritan.

In Springfield the historical address was delivered by Judge HENRY MORRIS, the son of Judge OLIVER B. MORRIS, who delivered the address fifty years ago. It was properly devoted to the circumstances of the settlement and to the character of its leader rather than to a history of the town for two centuries and a half, which would have been impracticable within reasonable limits. It is interesting to observe that the founder of Springfield, WILLIAM PYNCHON, like the founder of Providence, was an exile for opinion's sake. "Mr. PYNCHON," says Judge MORRIS, "had come to New England to avoid persecution. He now left it to escape from intolerance." He was plainly a leader of men, and the memorial poem, by Judge WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, admirably described him and his influence, and alluded very felicitously to his descendant of the same name, the marshal of the celebration, as his ancestor had been marshal of the settlement.

These celebrations illustrate the spirit of local pride and reverence for local leaders which has always characterized New England, and to which Governor SEYMOUR, of New York, attributed much of the influence and ascendency of New England. But a community which can recur to such ancestors as WILLIAM PYNCHON and ROGER WILLIAMS is naturally proud, and it is a happy community so long as its conduct proves its consciousness that *noblesse oblige*.

JOHN KELLY.

JOHN KELLY was a very conspicuous political figure in the politics of New York. He was distinctively a working politician, as distinguished from a statesman or true party leader. He ruled by clever management and pluck, not by any power in the advocacy of great principles. He was the captain of a party faction, and the chief manager of a party machine which had been totally discredited by his predecessor, and in nothing was his skill shown more conspicuously than in the partial extrication of Tammany Hall as a political force from the mire in which TWEED had submerged it.

A certain ignorant clannishness in his followers was also an element to be considered in estimating Mr. KELLY'S career. They obeyed him blindly, and under such circumstances it must be regarded as a good fortune that his objects were not dangerous to the commonwealth, like TWEED'S. He liked the consciousness of power, but it is the universal tribute to his memory that he was personally honest. The hostile attitude that he often held toward the general action of his party in the State displayed at once his courage, his skill, and his importance. He was the chief of the forces which are most hostile to political progress and reform. But he had no desire of office, and consequently he could not be "disciplined" by defeat, while the politician who could command fifty thousand votes could not be disdained nor neglected.

Mr. KELLY was a Democrat who led a campaign against the candidate of his party for the Governorship of the State, and by diverting seventy thousand votes, succeeded in defeating him and electing his opponent. But he did not lose standing as a Democrat. He opposed the nomination of Mr. TILDEN and of Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency as he had opposed the election of Mr. ROBINSON for the Governorship. His reason in every case was supposed to be the same—the maintenance of his personal authority. Mr. KELLY was unobtrusive, charitable, and beloved in all private relations, and the city will be fortunate if Tammany Hall should now fall under the control of a man like him, and not like his predecessor.

AMERICA AND IRELAND.

MR. BLAINE'S speech at Portland upon the Irish question breathes the old-fashioned spirit of hostility to England, and its tone shows that he has not forgotten the Irish vote which supported him in 1884, and which undoubtedly he hopes to retain in 1888. Yet in expressing sympathy with Mr. GLADSTONE'S effort to settle the old difficulty in a manner which he does not believe threatens the unity of the empire, and which aims at peace by justice, Mr. BLAINE is in entire accord with the general and intelligent sentiment of this country.

That sentiment is not due to any American desire to see England humiliated or weakened, but to see the traditional wrong of Ireland redressed. In the progress of liberty and civilization the English-speaking race is now substantially allied, and while the exigencies of domestic American politics may seem to require in every discussion a tone of defiance and hostility toward the elder branch of the race which is entirely unworthy of a patriotic American statesman, no lover of liberty would wish to see England seriously crippled by any other Continental power.

The wrongs of Ireland are denied by eminent Englishmen, and the assertion is strongly made that there are no Irish grievances to be redressed. Lord SALISBURY, speaking for the Tories, presents the practical alternative of Irish emigration or coercion. But that does not satisfy Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is not, as he says, hostile to home rule of some kind. And the Conservative "Member of Parliament" who writes a Sunday letter to the *Herald*, and who has anticipated Mr. GLADSTONE'S defeat, says that "amid the wreck of parties and the downfall of statesmen Ireland will get redress of her just and pressing grievances." This is a strong statement that there are Irish wrongs, and that however excessive the Irish demands, there is reason for Irish agitation. This is unquestionably the American view.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES D. KEEP, who rented GRANT'S cottage at Elberon last year for $2500, offered $3000 for it this year, but was refused. The cottage will be occupied by Mrs. GRANT, and Colonel and Mrs. FREDERICK D. GRANT. It is an unpretentious structure, two stories high, covered with plaster, showing beam-work, and painted a light drab color. W. S. WARNER'S cottage is the next but one to the north, and Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S cottage is the next to the south. Not far away are the cottages of the late Commodore GARRISON and the late MOSES TAYLOR. The interior is simply furnished, most of its bric-à-brac being souvenirs of the General's foreign travel.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, now living at Northampton, Massachusetts, sends his children to the public school, although there are many excellent private schools in the town. The literary attractions of Northampton will soon be greatly increased by the erection of the large public library founded by the late Judge FORBES, who endowed it with $20,000 a year. The site is opposite Smith College, and the work of erection will be begun immediately.

—Judge FORBES who has lately died at the age of eighty-six, was a highly respected bachelor. DANIEL WEBSTER often consulted with him on legal matters. His hobby was clocks, of which he had a large number. When the Northampton Bank was robbed he lost more than three hundred thousand dollars in bonds. On being told of the fact, he replied, "I don't care a Continental; they are all registered." By his advice the bank immediately notified the Treasury Department at Washington, and suffered no loss from the theft of its bonds.

—Mr. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS is much more interested in his new vocation as a publisher than in his old one as an author. He tells his brother authors that they are "only creatures of the publishers, anyhow."

—A young farmer who owns a tract of meadow-land near the foot of Mount Holyoke complains that he has lost money steadily on account of the competition with the West in the raising of tobacco and broom-corn. Tobacco, a few years ago, he could sell for twenty-seven cents a pound, but the crops of the last three years are now stored in his barns, and although he has offered to sell them for ten cents a pound, only five cents has been bid. One result of this state of things is that meadow-land along the Connecticut near Mount Holyoke has been recently disposed of by auction at seventy-five dollars an acre.

—The Sunday edition of the New York *World* having reached the circulation of 230,000 copies, many merchants, lawyers, newspaper men, and other citizens assembled in the offices of that journal on Saturday evening, May 29, to commemorate the event, in response to an invitation from Mr. G. W. TURNER, the business manager. One of the speakers referred to Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER as a man who had "come from the far West to establish a new era in New York journalism."

—At a memorial service over the grave of HORACE GREELEY in Greenwood Cemetery on Decoration Day the following sentiment, written by the Hon. CHARLES A. DANA, was read: "To HORACE GREELEY, who during a laborious life constantly employed his mind and his pen to promote the welfare of the masses of men, and to increase liberty and happiness among them, the tribute of our grateful memories should always be paid. The apostle of equal rights, equal opportunities, and an equal future for all the sons of men, his best monument will always be found in their appreciation and their gratitude."

—Professor JOHN F. WEIR, who presides over the Yale School of Fine Arts, has had a very successful year, the institution having given instruction to one hundred and thirty-five students during the last twelve months. Their favorite means of expression is water-colors, and their next favorite, crayons. An exhibition of nearly seven hundred drawings and paintings was made of the works of the pupils. Professor WEIR'S personal force was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the handsome endowment of the school.

—One of the most popular clergymen in this city is Monsignor QUINN, who is now enjoying a trip to Europe after many years of faithful service. His brother clergy of the diocese presented him with a purse containing five thousand dollars, and gave him a farewell banquet at the parochial residence of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He had already received a large sum of money from the wealthy Catholic laymen of the city, who desired that he should travel with "the ease and comfort befitting his years and dignity."

—The young ladies of Smith College, Northampton, are compelled to carry small umbrellas in order to save themselves from the inch-worms that infest the beautiful and magnificent elms of that town, and that have already destroyed more than half their foliage.

—The illness of M. CABANEL will cause much regret wherever his works are known. He has been a successful painter for more than a generation, and is represented in most of the leading private galleries in this country. His principal pictorial design is the story of St. Louis, on the walls of the Pantheon in Paris, and perhaps his best known single figure is the "Birth of Venus," which represents the goddess rising from the foam. M. CABANEL has acquired riches as well as fame, and occupies a handsome house, No. 14 Rue de Vigny, with his mother.

—The inscription on the bronze memorial tablet erected in All-Souls Church to the memory of its former pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, reads: "HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS; born in Boston, January 11, 1814; died in New York, January 30, 1882. Forty-three years minister of this church, to which he gave the name All-Souls. A preacher strong, fervent, uplifting; a courageous thinker, a persuasive orator. A patriot loving freedom, indignant at wrong; a life-long philanthropist; president of the United States Sanitary Commission, 1861-1878. An ardent, generous friend, joyous with the joyful, tender with the sorrowful. A devout Christian, trusting in God, and hoping all things of men." The sculptor is Mr. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, and the figure is life-size and standing.

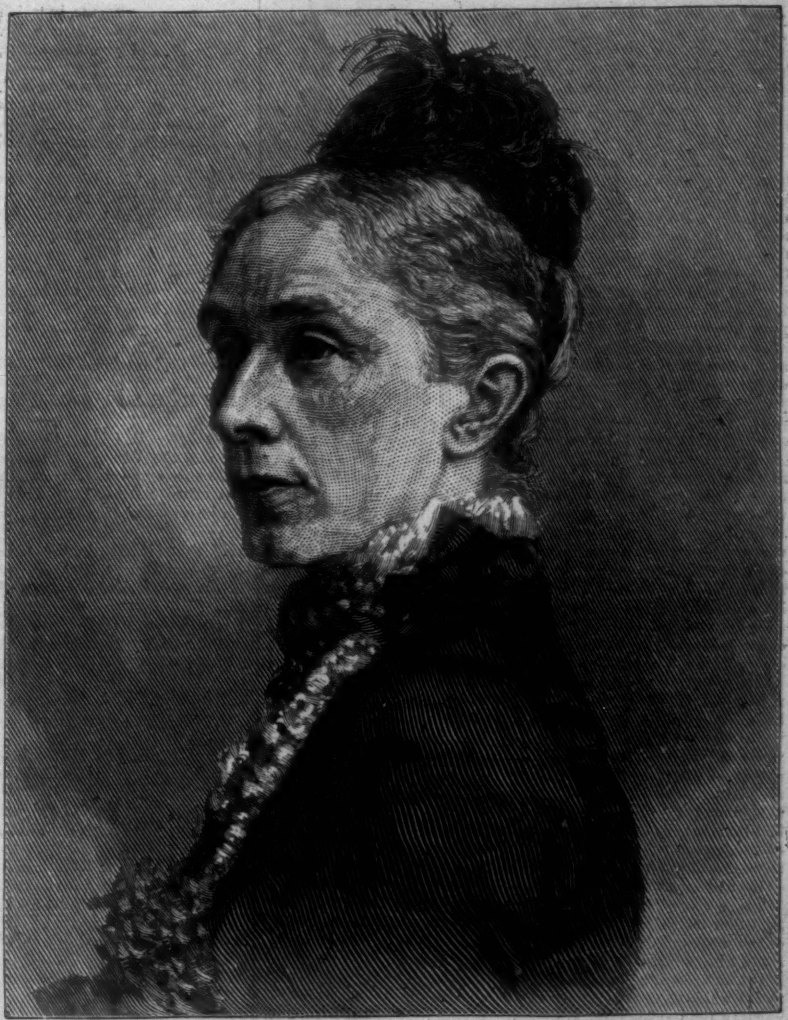
MISS CLEVELAND.

Miss Cleveland will always have a place in the White House, although she has surrendered the title of lady of the White House to her young sister-in-law. No more pertinent illustration of the saving power of common-sense was ever offered than an observation of Miss Cleveland's course since she entered the White House. Her previous life of hard work, of study, of self-sacrifice, had shut out from her much of that union of all gentle conditions called society. She had well sustained the dignity of labor, and she was to prove equally well her fitness for the dignity of leisure. On the 4th of March, 1885, she entered the White House as its mistress, with all of the duties but none of the privileges of the President's wife, for official etiquette in Washington marks out a strange and subtle difference between the wife of the President and any other lady, no matter how near a relative, whom he calls upon to preside at the White House. Thrown suddenly into a society of which its elements are constantly changing, but its customs are immovable, Miss Cleveland instantly adapted herself to a form of life of which she could not have had an inkling until she was required to take the first place in it. Knowing that etiquette is merely common-sense applied to small things, she quickly mastered the science of official etiquette, and it can be justly said that during the whole time she was mistress of the White House she did not transgress in one single particular the law of propriety or the law of kindness. Mentally she was very well equipped for the difficulties of her place; she speaks well and to the point; and she has the ability as well as the good-will to meet people on their own ground. She does not use the pronoun "I" much. Her manner is admirable. She is perfectly dignified, but not in the least assuming, and is easy without being familiar. She dresses very handsomely, and everything she wears has an air of solid elegance—her lace is real lace, her velvet is real velvet. Like an economical woman, she avoids cheap imitations. Handsome trailing gowns are very becoming to her, and while she is always refined and pleasing in her appearance, she is not handsome until she is dressed for the evening. Her prematurely gray hair is dressed on the top of her head, and adds to her height; she moves well, and, as Miss Jane Austen would say, "She is a lady with a presence, my dear." The life of Miss Cleveland as a student, teacher, and lecturer had naturally prepared people to expect in her deportment, when she became what the society reporters call "the first lady of the land," some trace of the primness and self-assertion of what everybody recognizes as the "school-mistress" manner. This supposition was naturally strengthened in the minds of those who did not know Miss Cleveland by the appearance of her ambitious volume of essays. But nothing could be more unfounded than this supposition. Her literary tastes were made subservient to the duty she felt she owed the President when she was the Lady of the White House, and she gave up, when necessary, her books and studies to perform promptly, gracefully, and good-humoredly all that was required of her. The general opinion of Washington society is perfectly reliable regarding the inmates of the White House. Presidents and their families are always with them, and no woman who has ever presided at the White House has been more admired and respected than Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

MISS CLEVELAND.

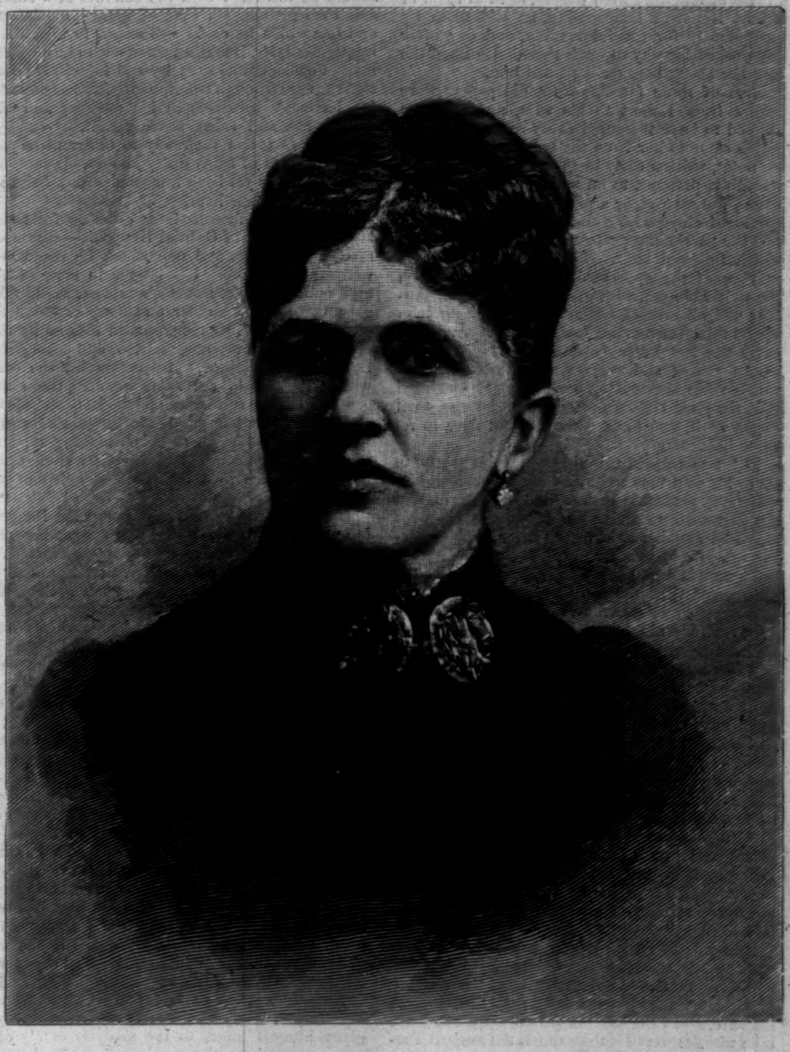
THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING—THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 378.]

MRS. MANNING.



MRS. ENDICOTT.—Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D.C.

MRS. WHITNEY.



MRS. VILAS.—Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D.C.

THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING—THE LADIES OF THE CABINET.—[See Page 378.]

CYNIC FORTUNE:*

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

IX.

Gabriel Kenyon had reigned at Perry Haughton in growing peace and prosperity for now some thirteen years. In his inward dealings with Divine Providence his own sentiments carried much weight with him. He had been able to palliate his own crime, to pity, to understand, to sympathize with the infatuation which had hurried him to it, to make generous allowance for all the circumstances which had seemed to push him toward it and to make it easy.

In a way which at first had seemed both strange and terrible to him he had begun to love the child of the man he had dispossessed of life. If any real twinge of remorse had touched him, it was at the unconscious bidding of the child. At first she had been a constant accusing terror to him. And in spite of all this, he had grown more and more to twine his life with hers, and to centre upon her all his hopes of peace and happiness in the future.

In the course of years, after his own monstrous manner, he construed this fact also into a token of peace and pardon.

Somehow the child had never been brought to love him in return. She was tractable, she was amiable, she did obedience to the most gently expressed desire, she submitted placidly to the endearments he lavished upon her, but she initiated no endearments of her own, and seemed more pleased to be alone than in his society. He bore this cross of sorrow with a meek resignation, which to his own eyes made it more than worth while to endure it. It was well; it was just and fitting that he should suffer. He knew it; he allowed it. Providence was just; and howsoever a man might be hurried into crime, Providence had its rights against the criminal, and would, of course, enforce them. It was right, and in the natural order of things.

He was loved, and he was chastened.

There was nothing which did not serve to confirm him in the justice of his own apprehension of the workings of that puppet Providence whose strings he pulled so sedulously.

He was morbidly anxious—though it is hardly worth while to say so, for by this time there was hardly a normal inch left in the man anywhere—he was morbidly anxious to fulfil to the letter any indication he discovered of his cousin Robert's desire in any direction. There was a distinct clause binding him to this in that declaration of amity between himself and Providence which had been drawn up by his own conscience and signed by the puppet. And when one day he came upon a mass of long-forgotten papers, most of them in Robert Kenyon's handwriting, he laid them by scrupulously for careful reading, and day after day worked his way through them. He liked the task the better because it pained him.

Most of these faded, yellow old papers were letters from Robert to his wife, and the wife seemed to have treasured every scrap of writing which came to her from the beloved hand. Little notes, written early in their acquaintance, responding, perhaps, to an invitation to luncheon, or to a water party, or a picnic in the woods, were treasured along with a formal offer of marriage, and the passionate protestations of eternal faith which followed later. Then there were letters in view of the approaching marriage, in which the writer abused, with great heartiness, all lawyers and all men of business for inventing such sordid things as marriage settlements. And then came the last letter before the wedding, from whose yellow and dog's-eared pages the dead man's voice seemed to speak so clear and loud that the good Gabriel, protected as he was, took fright at it, and for a while did not dare to resume his reading.

But remembering, in his shrewd anxiety to serve his own turn well, that what most hurt him was most profitable to him, he began again, and got just such an after-glow of security from his fear and anguish as one gets after one's morning tub in cold weather.

There was a gap of three or four years in the letters, and then Kenyon wrote from Edinburgh, whither he had gone on business. He had met, so he wrote, his old friend and school companion Richard Douglas.

"You have heard me speak of him," he said, "a thousand times. The poor fellow has had the most desperate ill fortune; but though he is as weak as a rat he has the courage of a bull-dog, and with the little bit he has left to him he is going out into the West Indies, coffee-planting, with a far-away cousin of his, who seems to have had a hard fight for it, and not so far to have made much progress. Poor Douglas has not only lost his fortune but his wife. He has one son, a bright and pretty little fellow, whom he leaves behind. Douglas asked me to keep an eye upon the boy, and I made him a solemn promise that, in case he should come to grief, the child should be looked to."

Now this to a man with a conscience such as was the intimate treasure of Gabriel Kenyon was neither more nor less than a distinct charge upon him. He folded up the letters, locked them in his safe, and rang his study bell, requesting the man who answered it to summon the ancient Partridge.

Partridge, who was very bald by this time, very wrinkled, very feeble on his pins, appeared in answer to the summons.

"Sit down, Partridge," said Kenyon who was delightfully considerate to everybody. The old man obeyed. "I have been looking," said Mr. Gabriel, posing his hands wedge-like, and speaking with his eyes upon the carpet—"I have been looking through some family documents, in which I find mention of an old friend of the late Mr. Kenyon—a Mr. Douglas. Did you know him, Partridge?"

"Yes, sir," said Partridge; "very well indeed, sir. When Mr. Kenyon disappeared, sir, that was the Mr. Douglas he went to meet in Paris."

"I had supposed so," said Mr. Gabriel—"I had supposed so. Do you know if he had a son?"

"Yes, sir," said Partridge; "the boy was here pretty often in Mr. Robert Kenyon's time."

"Oh!" said Mr. Gabriel. "Oho! And do you happen to know, Partridge, if Mr. Douglas is still living?"

"Why, no, sir," returned Partridge; "he died out in the East Indies more than five years ago."

"Tut, tut!" said Gabriel, in a tone of commiseration. "And the boy—do you know anything of the boy?"

"He was down here, sir," returned Partridge, "about five years back."

"Down here!" said Mr. Gabriel, starting, and staring a little.

"When I say down here, sir, I mean down at the Vicarage. Him and the Vicar's son was at college together. He only stopped a day or two, and then they went off to Norway together. I believe it was while he was away there the news of his father's death came."

"Indeed, indeed!" said Gabriel, in the same tone of tender commiseration. "And do you happen to know, Partridge, if Mr. Douglas's affairs were flourishing?"

"Well, sir," said Partridge, "I never thought they was, sir; but it wasn't my place to ask, and I don't remember that I heard the subject mentioned."

"Do you think," asked Gabriel, "that young Mr. Powerscourt is likely to know young Mr. Douglas's whereabouts now?"

"Well, I should say so, sir," said Partridge. "They seemed to be uncommon good friends when they was here together."

"Thank you, Partridge," said Mr. Gabriel, with an almost humble suavity, "thank you. That is all."

A little later he walked into the hall, received from the hands of a polished servitor his hat and gloves and ivory-headed cane, and set out for the Vicarage.

There young Mr. Powerscourt was able to tell him something of what he desired to know. Young Douglas had inherited next to nothing, had studied for the Bar, and had been called; was a very clever, bright, and capable fellow indeed, and probably had hard work to make both ends meet. Mr. Gabriel's informant had not seen his chum for a twelvemonth, but had his address—such and such a number in Great Russell Street.

He wrote at once to his solicitors in town, indicating his desire that Mr. Richard Douglas should be intrusted with the conduct of a small suit then pending—a case of little importance, and one which he could well afford to lose. As it happened, Mr. Douglas turned out to be a young man of considerable sagacity and force. He carried the case through triumphantly, and so pleased Mr. Kenyon's solicitors by his modesty and his good sense and frank bearing that, by-and-by, other briefs found their way to him, and he became the envy of many dusty juniors, his seniors, who had never yet been intrusted with a brief in the course of their lives.

Two or three months later came on for hearing another suit of Gabriel Kenyon's—a case of much importance, and one which he could not well afford to lose. His lawyer, in spite of his high opinion of Mr. Douglas's talents, would fain have instructed an older and more experienced counsel; but Mr. Kenyon, pushed thereto by the dictation of Providence, insisted, and young Mr. Douglas was retained. He conducted the case with a display of the same acumen, the same grasp, the same self-contained modesty as before, and won it. In fine, young Mr. Douglas's fortune was made if he chose to go on making it; and Mr. Gabriel Kenyon had laid another stone upon the cairn which held the troubled spirit of his cousin down.

It need hardly be said that young Mr. Douglas left his garret near the sky, and sought less elevated but more comfortable quarters elsewhere. It need hardly be said, either, that the faithful companion of his arctic exile from society, the Major, accompanied him.

Mr. Kenyon met the young barrister in court, and afterward paid him more than one visit in his chambers. He related, with only the suppressions which seemed necessary, the manner in which he had become aware of the barrister's existence.

"And you see, Mr. Douglas," said he, in conclusion, "I am the sole inheritor of my cousin's wealth, or rather, I should say, the sole trustee—for what are any of us but trustees in anything?—and it seemed my duty, as it was my pleasure, and in this case my extreme good fortune, to follow out the expressions of his will. Your father and my poor cousin, Mr. Douglas, were friends. They were of a like age, and no doubt had countless interests in common. An old man like myself can scarcely ask a young fellow like you for companionship; but I shall be glad if you will give me something of your society, and if you will let us be as friendly as we can."

Now Dick Douglas had not altogether liked Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, though, not having as yet given himself much to the analysis of his own impressions, he had scarcely asked why he misliked him. But at this address the young fellow's heart quite melted, and he was sincerely moved. He felt a swift and sudden conviction, which shook his slight mistrust to its foundations and brought it down for good and all. He was certain, as only an enthusiastic and loyal-hearted youngster can be, that Gabriel Kenyon was a man with tender susceptibilities, great generosity of nature, and a large and lofty sense of his own personal responsibility.

He received Gabriel's approaches to friendship with an actual fervor, and he swore to the Major that night that Gabriel Kenyon was the sort of man who gave one faith at large in human nature.

Kenyon appointed a time for his visit, and at the beginning of the Long Vacation Douglas left the dusty purlieus of the courts and his choky chambers for the free air and green landscapes of Perry Haughton.

X.

Gustave Peltzer insisted so strongly on being taken home by Mr. Sullivan, that Cyrus, who was always of a rather yielding turn of mind than otherwise, assented, albeit with much unwillingness. Even at the beginning of their acquaintance, when some one or other of Monsieur Peltzer's nefarious occupations had prospered, when he had worn something of the air of a dandy—or, at the worst, of a successful swell-mobsman—and had gone habited in clean linen, Cyrus had found his companionship scarcely desirable. But Mr. Sullivan was one of those people who take their acquaintances as they take their circumstances, with little effort to change them for the better. If Fate sent broken victuals and unsavory companions, the broken victuals were better than none at all to him; and the companions, however unsavory, an improvement upon solitude. He had not pith enough in him to entertain a really active dislike for anything or anybody; and so, though he demurred at first, he yielded to Monsieur Peltzer's impetuous solicitations, and took him home.

"Where have you been all this time?" Sullivan asked him that evening.

"Been?" said the other, stretching out a pair of haggard and shaking hands. "I have been in frost and rain and snow. I have been in chains. I have been under the whip. I have been blistered black by abominable suns. I have been at the galleys."

This was a little startling for Mr. Sullivan, and he liked his companion less and less. If he had an ambition, it was to seem unmoved and immovable, and at home in the presence of all men. So he made a rather ineffectual grimace, and asked, as casually as he could,

"What was it for?"

"It was a conspiracy," said Peltzer. "I was charged with a burglary, of which I was as innocent as the child unborn."

"Sans doute!" said Cyrus.

"But I am not here," Monsieur Peltzer continued, pulling hungrily at his ragged beard first with one hand and then with the other—"I am not here to talk of that. Let us speak of the man you followed. Tell me his name. Tell me where he lives."

"I don't see why I should," said Mr. Sullivan, thoughtfully. Peltzer's hungry hands ceased to tear at his beard, and knitted themselves together, and his face assumed an expression so pleasing that Sullivan involuntarily drew back his chair a yard. "Look here," he said, defensively; "business is business. What do you want to know for?"

"If that man is still alive, he is rich."

"Oh, he's got lots of money," returned Sullivan.

"If," said Peltzer, "he is as rich as Crœsus he has not a penny in the world that he would not give to me with great willingness if he knew what I could tell him."

"Oh," said Sullivan, and sat silent for a while, Peltzer darkling at him with a wicked grin, and tugging with both hands at his gray beard anew.

"What could you tell him?" he asked, after this pause.

"That is my affair," Peltzer answered.

"M—m," said Mr. Sullivan, lighting his pipe, and doing his best to seem at ease. "I hope you won't think me impolite, my friend, but I do not think you are likely to be liked so much as all that."

"Not liked?" said Peltzer. "Very well. That is probable enough. Suppose we say feared? Tell me where he lives, and what he calls himself."

Mr. Sullivan, though by no means a man of conspicuous virtue, and by no means choice in the selection of his friends, had not yet allied himself practically with the criminal classes. The force of his misliking for Monsieur Peltzer began almost to surprise him.

"What do you think his fortune may be worth?" asked Peltzer.

"I don't know," said Sullivan. "He may be worth ten thousand a year."

"Ten thousand a year!" cried Peltzer; "and you call that wealth!"

"I don't mean francs," said Sullivan, "but pounds sterling."

At this the other's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hungry hands together.

"Ah!" said he, "a quarter of a million per annum! That's something! Divide it. Call it a hundred and twenty thousand. Not for once, not as a mere handful down, and then all over, but to be paid regularly year by year so long as he lives! Call it a hundred and twenty thousand!" he muttered to himself, after this joyous outburst. "Call it a hundred and twenty thousand!"

"Yes," said Cyrus, tentatively, and having as yet no great faith in the realization of Peltzer's vision, "call it sixty thousand francs a year apiece."

The ugly gleam of triumph on the *voyou's* face clouded suddenly, and for a moment he paused with both hands at his beard, and looked ferociously at Sullivan. Then he forced a smile, which was even less prepossessing than his scowl had been.

"Let us call it sixty thousand francs a year apiece," he answered.

Monsieur Peltzer's manner did much more than his words to awaken Mr. Sullivan's belief in him, and Cyrus argued that had the prey been altogether shadowy this wild beast of the galleys would not have looked so disposed to tear the man who tried to take a half of it away from him.

"I begin to see your little game," he said. "You want hush-money."

"Your shall have half," snarled Peltzer. "You shall be rich for life. You shall drink of the oil and eat of the fat forever."

This greasy prospect presented no great attraction to the feeble Cyrus; but he revealed the name and address of Gabriel Kenyon, Justice of the Peace, and what not, of the Lodge, Perry Haughton; and Peltzer wrote them down.

"And now," said Peltzer, "I must have clothes to go in. A man in his position will not look twice at one who looks as I do. You must find me clothes."

Cyrus began to go in fear of this terrible companion, and wished with all his soul that he had chosen that evening to dine anywhere else than at Piaggi's, or that he had not been so eager to claim an undesirable old acquaintance. But, in brief, he found that until Monsieur Peltzer's desire should be accomplished, Monsieur Peltzer was quartered upon him, and was utterly impervious to any hint on his part of desire for solitude.

Monsieur Peltzer's personal habits were of the most disagreeable kind. He ate like a famished dog, tearing his food with animal noises. When he slept he was in the habit of waking up with yells of rage or terror. When he drank, he preferred the cheapest and coarsest kind of brandy, and took a great deal more of it than was good for him. At such times he would become horribly affectionate, and would claw and paw his little comrade all over with oaths of endearment, breathing neat brandy like an alcoholized furnace. Every day he clamorously demanded money for drink, and would pay no heed to Sullivan's urging that if money were to be found to give him that impossible appearance of respectability he craved, it must be found shilling by shilling, and hoarded carefully.

At length Cyrus bestowed a whole five shillings upon this Frankenstein monster; and whilst he was abroad dissipating in the lowest haunts of Soho, the little man packed up his few traps and flew. He regarded Monsieur Peltzer in the light of a dreadful warning, and began to reform his ways. He left many of the more objectionable of his old companions, and, in fear of meeting Peltzer, he avoided many of his old haunts. He began even to take a cursory interest in the sermons which he stole from the old divines on the shelves of the British Museum, and sold to the editor of the *Cherubim* as novelties in the way of theological dissertation.

He had so far reformed that in the course of a month or two he was the proud possessor of no less a sum than six pounds sterling, all honestly saved out of the result of doubtfully honest labor. And so curiously do things arrive in this world that this poor little spurt of morality served to furnish the wolf with the sinews of war; for being one night in Oxford Street, he turned and recognized Peltzer, who hailed him with a banter so violent and threatening that, to get rid of him, Cyrus parted on the spot with two-thirds of his belongings.

Peltzer pouched the money and disappeared, odiously radiant; and Mr. Sullivan paced the streets for an hour or two, filled with serious thoughts as to the advisability of beginning his wordly career anew as a farm laborer in New Zealand.

This encounter happened in the month of August, some two months after the date of Gabriel Kenyon's invitation to Douglas.

And now, after something of a surfeit of villany, let us try our fortunes with youth and innocence.

XI.

Youth is always impressionable; but when a man happens not only to be young, but to have a little of the poetic faculty of imagination, he stands at double disadvantage—perhaps at double advantage. But the answer to that problem depends entirely upon one's way of looking at things. When Douglas's knowledge of the existence of Miss Kenyon was little more than twelve hours old he had been able to identify her as the daughter of his father's dearest friend. That a young man should have seen a young lady, that he should have been favorably impressed with her personal appearance, and that he should, within a dozen hours, have discovered her identity, were facts in themselves by no means remarkable or peculiar, and yet to Douglas they contrived to appear so.

Perry Haughton was no longer connected with the outer world merely by its coaching roads. It boasted in these days a railway station, and the route from town was direct and rapid. As he drew near the termination of his journey, the young fellow was conscious of an amazing nervous flutter. He was not accustomed to the loss of his self-possession, and the present rout of his sensations both surprised and annoyed him. His anger at it helped him for a while, and when he alighted from the train and found himself accosted by a middle-aged and eminently respectable groom, he was in full possession of himself again. The groom was charged to say that Mr. Kenyon himself would have been at the station, but had been suddenly called away from home, though he would very probably have returned by the time the lodge was reached.

The visitor's traps were got into the dog-cart, and the visitor was bowled rapidly away toward the house. And now, to his intense disgust and self-disapproval, he found his gathered forces all newly routed.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1535.

There is, probably, no condition of feeling to which men may not become more or less inured. A man habitually shy grows used to himself, and is conscious, in the midst of his most painful fit, of a certain sense of custom. But when a man habitually self-possessed grows shy, he has not even the sustaining sense of habit to console him.

The visitor was already in a state of mind almost pitiable in its nervousness when a quite terrible fancy flashed upon him. Suppose that he should be recognized as the recipient of Bagleigh's insolent bounty!

Kenyon came out into the hall to meet him, and saved him from the dreadful ordeal of encountering the lady without preparation. Gabriel's manner was worthy of the popular estimation of him. It was subdued and gentle, almost to a fault. He had always stooped a little in his walk, and now his shoulders were so posed as to express humility and deprecation. The tone of his voice seemed to say that if you chose to treat him ill, he was ready to accept you as a part of the great universal lesson of chastisement. How, with all this gentleness and humility of his, he contrived to be so keen a hand at a bargain as he was, surprised a good many people. He seemed formed to yield, and yielded less often than might have been expected of him.

The personality of the young lady, who as yet was nameless to Douglas's mind, tinged Gabriel. He was uncle to a divinity, and, apart from this, he was the only man who had reached out a helping hand in a time of genuine trouble. That smooth and broadly opened pathway to success, which seemed to lie before the young barrister now, would have been very hard to arrive at without his helping hand. Dick shook the helping hand with great heartiness, and an almost filial reverence. No such fancies as those for which Mr. Kenyon's eyes and mouth might have been responsible under different circumstances assailed him. He saw only a gentle-mannered, sad-voiced, generous creature, who was uncle to an angel.

By-and-by came the introduction to the angel herself.

"My niece, Helen," said Kenyon; and Dick, rising, bowed and muttered unintelligibly. When he was shown to his own room a few minutes later, and was left alone, he could not have told whether niece Helen were or were not the girl he had seen outside the theatre.

His unreasonable perturbation ashamed him, and he fought against it, applying to himself many unflattering epithets. He was just as stupid and as little self-possessed at luncheon, discerning only that the girl was delightfully frank and fresh and young-womanly. If he had but once been able to dispossess himself of the absurd idea that he was there expressly to fall in love, he felt that he might have acquitted himself better.

But perhaps his shyness may have been of some service to him after all. He was so evidently ill at ease that the girl had a little pity, to begin with. He did nothing gauche or actually stupid, and he was obviously a gentleman, though an unusually timid one, she thought. His want of nerve gave the girl plenty of opportunity to examine him, and of this privilege she innocently availed herself. What she saw, she liked; and the liking was none the less dangerous because it was so entirely innocent and unconscious.

There were not many young men introduced to the Lodge at Perry Haughton, and it was rather a gloomy conservatory for so fresh and bright a flower to bloom in. She had never felt it to be so. But then youth has its own resources, and makes its own sunlit atmosphere in quarters which one might suppose to be airless and sunless.

Shortly after luncheon, and just when Douglas was beginning to recover himself, the trio became a quartette. Lord Bagleigh was announced, and entered, beaming fatuously behind his eye-glass. He recognized his old school-fellow and college companion languidly, and having ventured to say that it was dooced warm, fell into restless silence, and glowered at the new-comer.

Douglas had been accustomed to employ his Lordship as a chopping-block, and felt so much inclined to renew the experiment now that he was only able to restrain himself by the most heroic effort. Kenyon proposed to show his guest the grounds, and for a few minutes Dick and his old school-fellow were left alone together.

His Lordship arose, adjusted his shirt cuffs with an air which his companion felt to be offensive, and opened the conversation.

"I say, look here," he began, "didn't know you knew anybody down here."

"No?" said Douglas.

"No," said his Lordship.

"That is your forte, you know," said Douglas.

"What is my forte?" demanded his Lordship, aggressively.

"Not knowing things," said Douglas. "That was always your strong point."

His Lordship turned this over for a while, and finding no immediate response for it, sat in silence for a minute or two.

"When did you get here?" he asked, after a pause, with a manner more markedly aggressive than before.

"This morning," said Douglas.

"Going to stay long?" Bagleigh asked him.

"Probably a month or two," responded Douglas.

"Dooced unpleasant!" said his Lordship. "Nice neighborhood, and all that sort of thing."

"You think my presence likely to detract from its charms?" asked Douglas.

"That's just where it is," replied his Lordship, who knew how to be candid upon occasion.

"The fact is," said the young barrister, "that you and I don't suit each other, Bagleigh."

"By gad, we don't," the young nobleman answered, with conviction.

"You see," pursued Douglas, suavely, "you are bound to see—that, having accepted an invitation to stay here, I must abide by it. I am chained here by all the laws of politeness. Now you are not. The world is wide. The season in town is at its height. No doubt your fascinating manners and brilliant conversation are missed in many places. You have duties elsewhere, Bagleigh."

"Beggar gets worse," said my Lord, as if addressing himself to some invisible third person; "always was a deuced unpleasant fellow, and gets worse instead of better. Look here," he added, turning round with languid inquiry, "do you mean to stop here all the time?"

"I suppose so," answered Douglas.

"Damn noosance!" said Bagleigh, with an air of disgusted fatigue.

"Do you mean to stay here all the time?" asked the barrister.

"Yes," responded his Lordship; "make a point of calling constantly."

"Cheerful prospect," said Douglas.

"Isn't it, by gad!" his Lordship assented.

Kenyon's return put an end to this exchange of civilities. The host was very smooth and courteous with the young nobleman; but Bagleigh, who had commonly but little to say for himself, was so wrathful at Douglas's presence that he was at more than usual disadvantage. The county at this time was getting ready for an election fight, and his Lordship was usually as keen set as anybody to talk about the electoral chances. He did not talk or think very brilliantly, but was quite persuaded that the country would go to the dayvle unless his noble father's nominee were carried, and was patriotically anxious to escape so dreadful a consummation. To-day, however, though Kenyon had a great deal of more or less important news to give him, Bagleigh's interest was divided, and at times he answered altogether at random.

Kenyon's political talk detained him, and he was compelled to see the new arrival place himself at Miss Kenyon's side without making even the feeblest effort to frustrate him.

She was neither over-shy nor over-frank, but mingled a delightful candor with a reticence equally delightful to the young man's mind. She had very fine expressive gray eyes, and a way of using them which a coquette would have envied, and have envied in vain, because with this young person these allures were natural, and no more to be helped than breathing. They expressed everything she thought, and perhaps, since her companion was the older, the stronger, and the more experienced of the two, they may have expressed even more than she thought. For a young man in love translates quite naturally into the mind of a girl his own best and subtlest fancies. In such case the girl's province is unconsciously to inspire the fancies, and the young man's province is to believe that the fancies are consciously inspired. Douglas had no more ridiculous notions about falling in love. He and the girl were almost intimate in an hour or two; and the idea of falling in love was a thousand miles away from him, because he had actually begun to do it.

XII.

There was not much pride about the Major, and when the wealthy relative of whom he borrowed for Douglas's sake proposed to supply him with an income of a hundred pounds per annum until such time as the Major's next expected ship should come in, he took the not too magnificent allowance comfortably and with no self-upbraidings.

He staid in Douglas's chambers, and led his own queer life with perfect satisfaction. If he had been a novelist or an artist, his knowledge of the Soho quarter might have been invaluable to him; but he was a man who found no uses for anything, and was quite contented to enjoy his own discoveries without imparting them in any other form to other people.

There was a certain burly, black-eyed, red-cheeked Parisienne in the Major's favorite district who regarded him with mingled veneration and affection. She was by profession a washerwoman, and, by gift of Nature and dint of practice, a perfect mistress of the great art of slang. In Paris, among her sisters, she had been known, admired, and dreaded; but transported to London, and compelled there to wield a foreign language, she had found her native deftness and long practice of small avail to her. The Major had one day dropped in at her establishment to inquire after some missing articles of linen. Finding her but poorly acquainted with English, he had made his demands in her own tongue, and in half an hour the two were comrades. The *blanchisseuse* had found her master; but the Major had found an opponent worthy of his steel, and in each other's society the pair were happy.

From that day forward the Major was in the habit of calling upon Madame Dammery and chatting over the events of the day.

In hot weather the attractions of the *blanchisserie* were less pronounced than in cold, but the Major's native sense of courtesy compelled him to make his visits no rarer in summer than in winter.

He called upon a certain broiling August day, took his seat upon the customary table, lit his customary cigarette, and sat for some ten minutes as a target. He was preparing to become marksman in his turn, when the arrival of a client checked him for a moment.

No sooner had the client spoken than the Major turned his head toward him, and skipped lightly from the table. The new-comer turned also, and revealed the familiar features of Mr. Cyrus Sullivan. His face, which was clouded by an unusual look of worry and sadness, cleared for a moment as he shook hands, but the cloud came back again. There was no reason why Mr. Sullivan's presence should interfere with the amusements of the hour, and the Major, taking advantage of the pause occasioned by his entrance, discharged his gathered shafts of repartee. The ironing-women shrieked in chorus, and Mr. Sullivan offered a tributary smile, which faded as quickly as its forerunner. Even in the midst of the preoccupation caused by the sallies of the *blanchisseuse*, and the necessity for responding to them, the Major noticed that Sullivan was unlike the Sullivan of old days. The odd mixture of insolence and appeal for consideration which had been used to characterize him had altogether disappeared, and in its place was an air of settled sadness and something which looked like bewilderment.

The Major regarded him more attentively, and at last Sullivan, seeming on a sudden to pluck up resolution, advanced and touched him, with an air of apology, on the shoulder.

"If you could spare me ten minutes of your time, Major Morton," he said, with a manner of unusual solemnity, "I should be obliged by your advice."

"In what way," asked the Major, "can I be of service to you?"

The Major made his adieux, manifestly to the disappointment of the ladies, and followed Sullivan into the street.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you here," Sullivan answered. "Wait till we get into my room."

The Major walked on in silence, and in the course of a minute or two found himself seated alone with Sullivan. The little man was profoundly dejected. He polished his baldness nervously with a doubtful handkerchief, which he afterward rolled into a ball, and rubbing the palms of his hands with this, he glanced twice or thrice at the Major before he began his statement.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, "I will begin at the beginning."

"As a general rule," responded the Major, "it's a good place to begin at."

"I was in Paris thirteen years ago," said Mr. Sullivan, "and there I knew a blackguard by the name of Peltzer. I have always been a great deal too careless about the kind of men I have known," pursued the poor Cyrus, wagging his head sorrowfully, "but if I had guessed what the fellow was, I wouldn't have known him at all."

"What was he?" asked the Major.

"Well," said Sullivan, mournfully, "he wasn't anything a man ought to be, and he was about everything a man ought not to be. He had been a pickpocket; he had been a card-sharper; and I have found out that, since I saw him for the last time in Paris, he has had twelve years for burglary."

"Nice man," said the Major, almost warmly.

"You'd say so, if you saw him," answered Cyrus. "I met him in London a little while back, and I was fool enough to speak to him. He came and planted himself on me, and made me keep him until I ran away. Last night he met me in the street, and made me split my little savings with him."

"Why did you do it?" asked the Major.

"I could not help it," the little man answered. "But I haven't told my story yet. When I saw him in Paris, thirteen years ago last winter, I was coming home to London, and he was at the railway station. He pointed out a man there who was also going to London, and he asked me to watch him, and to tell him where the fellow went. I asked him why."

"Naturally," said the Major, with an encouraging nod, for Sullivan was evidently in need of encouragement, and told his story haltingly.

"He said that by watching this man, and by finding out who he was and where he went to, it was likely that we might make a great deal of money. I did not know how that was to be done, but I followed the man.

"He came, in the first place, to a house close by here. He was very poorly dressed at that time; but he went out at night and bought decent clothes. Next morning he went down to a little country place, which I won't mention just yet, and there he walked straight into a very big property. I sent the news of what I had learned to Peltzer, but the letter came back. He had gone to the galleys. When I met him here a month or two ago, and was such a fool as to speak to him, almost the first thing he asked me was if I knew anything about the man he had set me to watch. I told him 'Yes'; and the beggar laid hold of me as if he wanted to eat me. He asked if he was rich, and I told him 'Yes' again; and then he said that there was nothing this man had that he would not part with, to the last penny, if he knew what Peltzer had to tell him."

"Um!" said the Major. His earlier knowledge of Mr. Sullivan was not altogether without weight. He was generally disposed to skepticism in regard to anything Cyrus might say; but, on the whole, he inclined to a moderate belief in him at present. "Did he tell you what his hold on the man was?"

"It came out at last," said Cyrus, "that he was going to charge the man with murder."

It was at this point that the Major became really convinced of his companion's veracity. The harmless Cyrus was unaccustomed to deal with problems so momentous as that which now oppressed him, and it weighed him down altogether. He had forgotten even to embroider his story with invention.

"He came to me last night," he continued, "and made me split my savings with him. He got the money out of me in order to go down there and denounce the man, and try, of course, to bleed him. He said we were to go shares in what he got; but of course I should never see a penny if I wanted it, and I couldn't touch it if he offered it."

"Well," said the Major, "it's a queer story. What do you want to ask my advice about?"

Sullivan, making no verbal response, arose, and turned his back upon his companion. He drew from an inner breast pocket a letter, from which he removed the envelop, and laying this upon the table with the superscription downward, set his hand upon it and held out the letter to the Major.

"Read that," he said, with a face and voice expressive of something like desperation.

The Major leaned back in his chair, threw one leg over the other, and read, murmuringly:

"SIR,—I am informed that a very horrible danger overhangs an English gentleman of high position and unblemished reputation who, thirteen years ago, bore in Paris the name of Auguste Moreau. If that gentleman is known to you, it is of the utmost moment that he should at once be informed of the danger which threatens him. I shall be happy to give any particulars which may be required at my hands. If there is no truth in the positive and appalling statements which have reached me, I can, at least, have done no harm by forwarding this letter.

"Your obedient servant,
"CYRUS SULLIVAN."

"Well," said the Major, "what is the object of this letter?"

Sullivan sat silent.

"Do you want to black-mail the man on your own account?" asked the Major, sardonically.

"No," said Cyrus. But the denial sounded indeterminate.

"What is your object in sending the letter?" demanded Morton.

Cyrus glanced at him with a look half doubt, half guilt, and all appeal.

"I don't know," he answered, falteringly. "Perhaps," he added, in an apologetic, shamefaced way, "there might be something in it."

"What does that mean?" asked the Major.

"Why, you know," said Mr. Sullivan, vaguely and guiltily, "he's a very wealthy cove."

"And that means," said Morton, "that you do want to black-mail the man on your own account."

"No, it doesn't," Cyrus protested; "but he might feel grateful for a"—he paused and tried back, searching for a fit expression—"he might feel grateful for a tip."

"And so," said the Major, "for a pecuniary consideration you are willing to become an accessory after the fact to murder."

He took up his hat, fixed it deliberately, and moved toward the door, the poor Cyrus sitting quite crushed and forlorn, with bent head and dejected countenance.

"I am not quite certain," said the Major, pausing at the door, and turning, "that a good citizen would not feel it his duty to take this story of yours to the authorities. But I do not profess to be a model citizen myself. I am a man of constitutional timidity and shyness, and I hate a row."

"For Heaven's sake," groaned Cyrus, "don't split on me, Major Morton. I see now what I ought to have done, but I can't do it. I wouldn't have the man's life upon my hands, sir, for all the gold in the cellars of the Bank of England. If I did a thing like that, I don't believe I should ever go to sleep again. But if you split, I am ruined. It would all get into the papers, and I should lose the only berth I have."

"Every citizen," said the Major, "owes a duty to the commonwealth. If you are really aware of the fact that a murder has been committed, and that the murderer has gone undiscovered, and lived in prosperity and general esteem for thirteen years, it is your plain duty to lay what you know before the authorities. If I believed you, it would be my plain duty to lay the matter before them. But, you see, I do not believe you, and I won't believe you. You may understand that, if you like, as expressing no doubt of your veracity."

Cyrus, sitting at the table during the Major's address, toyed nervously with the letter, turning it this way and that, until, with a little gesture of despair, he threw it from him as Morton spoke his final words, and the letter fell, superscription upward, on the table. It was addressed in a very legible and clerk-like hand, and the writing was rather unusually large. The letter lay within a yard of Morton's nose, and before he knew it he had read the address. Sullivan looked up at him swiftly, and laid a rapid hand upon the letter. But the motion was merely instinctive, for his glance, rapid and furtive as it was, had told him clearly that the address had been read. There was silence for the space of a full minute, and then the Major spoke.

"Is that the man," he asked, "to whom the letter is addressed?"

"Yes," said Cyrus.

Then there was silence for another minute or thereabouts.

"Are you going to send that letter?" Morton asked.

"I don't know," said Sullivan, miserably.

"Well," said the Major, with the air of a man who has made up his mind, "I won't have art or part in the matter."

And with that he left the room, walked downstairs and into the street. Arrived there, he paused, and drawing a letter from his pocket, read it with an air of profound chagrin. It came from Dick Douglas, who had now been a visitor at Mr. Kenyon's house for some six weeks; and it sang Helen, Helen, and nothing but Helen, from beginning to end. Douglas, in his letters, which had been very regular indeed, had clung to this theme with remarkable tenacity. He had scarcely ever varied from it, and his old bachelor chum had known for what now seemed a long time that the young fellow was falling more and more and more in love with his host's niece. And now this horrible charge hung over the host himself.

The Major was shaken out of his ordinary equanimity, and he acted with less than his common coolness. He dived into a hotel, consulted a time-table, and then rushed off to the nearest telegraph office, and wired to Douglas, "Meet me, railway station, Perry Haughton, six thirty." Then he hurried away to Dick's chambers, packed a meagre portmanteau, carried it to the railway station, and in due time was whirled away into the country.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING.—Drawn by T.

T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 378.]

JUNE.

O month of verdant beauty,
Of strawberries and leaves,
Of sentiment and roses,
Of balmy moonlight eves,
Of bobolinks and rosy haze,
Of careless mirth and easy ways;

Of maidens in white muslin
Without a chaperon,
Of row-boats on the water
When two are all alone,
Of laughter low and light guitars
That tinkle underneath the stars.

O month of college festals,
High speech and cooing dove,
Blue ribbon and the classics,
Young orators in love,
While all the world as youthful seems
As do their sweetly flowing themes;

Of innocent flirtations,
While dress-makers engage
The minds of mothers watchful
And dragons wise and sage,
Ere yet the season at the Springs
Or by the shore its madness brings;

Ere yet do morning rambles
Begin to be a bore,
And doubts creep in, and moonlight
Is prosier than before,
And roses fall, and plans are waged,
And choicest maidens get engaged.

O couldst thou stay forever
And weave thy simple arts,
There were no withered leaves then,
Nor many withered hearts.
Love loves to lurk in thy green way,
But shuns Dame Fashion's holiday.

Susan Hartley Swett.

THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING.

The marriage of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, to Miss Frances Folsom took place on Wednesday, June 2, in the White House, at a few minutes after seven o'clock in the evening. The bride was the daughter of Mr. Oscar Folsom, of Buffalo, who was killed in 1875 by being thrown from a carriage. Mr. Cleveland and Colonel Folsom were partners in law practice, and the man who was to become President became first the guardian of the child who, eleven years later, was destined to share with him the highest honors in the land. Always interested in his charge as a bright, merry child, apt pupil at school, and unaffectedly winning maiden at college, his interest deepened as she budded into womanhood. Two years ago it was noticed by his sisters and other relatives that Mr. Cleveland's admiration for Miss Folsom was becoming a more ardent sentiment than that of a guardian for a ward. The discovery was hailed with great joy, but it was kept a secret in the family. A year ago, in the spring of 1885, soon after Mr. Cleveland became President, Miss Folsom was a guest of Miss Cleveland at the White House. During that visit the important question was asked, and the engagement was made. Again, in the fall of the year, Miss Folsom and her mother made a visit to the White House, and at that time the time of the wedding was fixed. It was to be in June following, but no date was named. Not until the return of Miss Folsom from Europe, on May 27, was it decided that the ceremony should take place on the following Wednesday. Miss Folsom and her mother and cousin, Mr. Benjamin Folsom, arrived in Washington early on the wedding day, and went to the White House, being received at the station by Miss Cleveland, and greeted on arriving in front of the Executive Mansion by Mr. Cleveland, Mrs. Hoyt, his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, relatives of the bride, and Miss Nelson, an intimate friend of Miss Cleveland. According to the desire of both Mr. Cleveland and Miss Folsom that the ceremony should be private and not ostentatious, the adornment of the building for the wedding was less elaborate than it has been on many other occasions.

The East Room was decorated with groups of palms, ferns, azaleas, and hydrangeas set in the window spaces, and one graceful little forest of graceful palms, the tallest almost touching the ceiling, was arranged at the east side of the apartment, opposite the door leading into the private corridor. Four columns that support the ceiling were trimmed with garlands of roses, and midway between floor and ceiling, on each pillar, was hung a large floral shield, reproducing the national colors in field and stripes. Choice cut flowers were banked upon the four large mantels, orchids, lilies, and roses predominating. From the crystal chandeliers depended festoons of smilax, and in the fireplaces was an abundance of foliage plants. There were few decorations in the Green Room and the Red Room. The Blue Room, in which the ceremony took place, was the principal concern of the White House florist, who arranged the decorations. The purpose was to transform it as completely as possible into a floral bower. At the south side a stately grove of tall tropical plants concealed the window, the feathery tops of the tallest palms touching the ceiling. The main entrance to the room was flanked on either side by a group of flowering plants. Over the doorway a floral scroll of red, white, and blue bore the motto "E Pluribus Unum." Groups of plants, including begonias and hydrangeas in bloom, stood at each side of the room near the centre, and the fireplace glowed with a representation in flowers of a blazing fire. Upon the east mantel there was a solid bank of pansies in different colors, with the letters "June 2, 1886," in white pansies across its length. Upon the mantel facing this one was a bank of roses, dark-hued ones at the centre, and graded to the lightest procurable hues at the edges, with the monogram "C. F." interwoven in moss and white roses. Garlands of roses were festooned from the mirrors. The corridor was decorated with tall plants.

Into the Blue Room, a few moments before seven o'clock, were ushered the small party of relatives, intimate friends, and guests who had been summoned. As they entered they were received by Miss Cleveland and Mrs. Hoyt, sisters of the President. The company included, in addition to the sisters of the groom, Mrs. Folsom, mother of the bride; the Rev. William N. Cleveland, the President's brother; Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State; Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mrs. Manning; William C. Endicott, Secretary of War, and Mrs. Endicott; William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Whitney; William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General, and Mrs. Vilas; L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior; Daniel S. Lamont, Private Secretary to the President, and Mrs. Lamont; Benjamin Folsom, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Rogers, of Seneca Falls, New York, Mrs. Cadman and little Miss Cadman, and Miss Huddleston, of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, of Boston, relatives of the bride; Miss Nelson, of New York; Mr. Wilson S. Bissell, of Buffalo, a former law partner of the President; and the Rev. Dr. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland. The cabinet group would have been complete with Attorney-General Garland, but he had sent a simple note of excuse, and did not appear. The Marine Band, in its scarlet and gold uniform, began playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March a few moments before seven, and the bride and groom entered the Blue Room arm in arm. The bride wore an elaborate dress of white satin, with orange blossoms and veil falling over a long train.

She wore no jewels except her engagement ring of sapphires and diamonds, and did not carry a bouquet. The groom wore the conventional evening dress, a turned-down collar and white lawn tie, and white studs. The conversation in the Blue Room stopped as they entered, and the occupants of the parlor fell back in a semicircle, formed with Mrs. Folsom and Secretary Bayard on the left of the bride, Mrs. Hoyt beyond, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, Miss Cleveland, Mr. Lamar, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Vilas, distributed in the order described from left to right, and with Colonel Lamont and Mrs. Lamont at the end of the semicircle, and nearest the President's right hand. The President and Miss Folsom advanced to the centre of the room, standing under the chandelier. The Rev. Dr. Sunderland and the Rev. Mr. Cleveland occupied places in advance of the semicircle. As the bride and groom reached their places, the music of the Wedding March ceased, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland advanced a step nearer, and the service proceeded. At the same moment a salute of twenty-one guns began at the Arsenal, and all the church bells were rung. The bride and groom both responded to the questions of the minister with clear voices, a ring was produced by the groom and put upon the bride's finger, the brother of the groom invoked the Divine blessing upon the union, and the service was over. The President did not salute the bride with a kiss. After receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the President and his wife led the way to the prettily decorated private dining-room, where an elegant collation was served to groups of three and four at small side-tables. The bride cut the wedding-cake, the company drank her health, and bride and groom withdrew, to reappear shortly in travelling costume. Just before nine o'clock the good-byes were said from the south porch, and the bridal coach drove off amid a shower of old shoes and rice.

A special train of two cars awaited them at a suburban spot, and at 9.19 started for Deer Park, Maryland. The President had engaged a cottage, the property of the hotel company, and he and his wife, with valet and maid, reached the cottage about sunrise on Thursday, in a drizzling rain.

The gifts to the couple included brooches from Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Vilas, four silver candlesticks from Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, a gold smelling-bottle set with diamonds from Mr. Lamar, a diamond pendant from Mr. Bissell, and a number of others whose givers were not made known. One of the official acts of the President on his wedding day was the pardon of B. F. Bigelow, sentenced three years ago to imprisonment for five years in the Concord (New Hampshire) Penitentiary for a defalcation while receiving teller of the National Bank of the Republic of Washington.

While Mr. Cleveland was the first President to be married in the White House, it has been the scene of several weddings. Representative John G. Jackson and Miss Todd were married there in Madison's time; Miss Todd was related to the President. The first East Room wedding was that of William Waller, of Virginia, and Elizabeth Tyler, the daughter of President Tyler. John Quincy Adams, Jun., and Miss Johnson were married in the White House during the term of the groom's father; and in Jackson's term Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, was married to Miss Easton, the President's niece, and M. Paquerel, afterward French Minister, was united to Miss Lewis, of Nashville. In Monroe's time Samuel Gouverneur, Private Secretary to the President, was married to Martha Monroe. In 1874, during Grant's term, his daughter Nellie and Mr. Sartoris were married in the East Room, and in President Hayes's term the East Room was the scene of the wedding of General Russell Hastings and Miss Platt. All of these weddings were private, as was that of President Cleveland, but all of the previous weddings have lacked the significance of the event of June 2, 1886, and none of them was attended by the cabinet officers and their wives.

WHY MISS FORTUNE STAID IN THE CITY.

It was a hot day in May—one of those early hot days that are so exhausting—and Miss Fortune Wayland, tired with that provoking kind of shopping that consists in "matching things," turned into a fashionable ladies' restaurant for rest and refreshment. She was a calm, equable girl, not readily irritated, but it was a trifle annoying to have her quiet interrupted by the rustling, laughing, and chattering of the very two girls whose company at that hour she would most of all have deprecated.

For she was dusty and heated, and not in her freshest toilet, and Ida Vincent and Kate Croye had just stepped from their carriage in all the lustre and freshness of elegant spring costumes. They, of course, could afford to be pleasant; it was a much harder thing for Fortune to smile and say: "Is it really you? I am glad to see you."

They sat down together, and began to eat ices, and discuss toilets and summer plans. "We were going to Europe," said Ida, with a charming frankness, "but *some one* is going to the Branch, and of course we follow in his wake. Mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him."

"I know whom you mean, Ida; there is really no need for you to affect secrecy. It is Ray Symington. My mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him also."

"And pray who is Ray Symington?"

"As if you did not know, Fortune! Why, your father is his lawyer. He has been back for a month, and was at the Nobles' and the Hilliards' and—"

"Now I know whom you mean," said Fortune. "He used to come a great deal to our house before he went abroad. That is six years since. I was only a school-girl then, but from what I remember of Ray Symington I think he will never fall in love with any woman except one made to order. However, he does not concern me; I have fringes on my mind at present. So I will say good-by, girls."

"Wait a quarter of an hour, and we will take you as far as Aitkin's."

"Thanks; I cannot wait; I am to meet mamma and Gertrude at Madame Decimer's. Adieu."

Fortune was walking down Broadway again, and this time without the least sense of heat or fatigue. She was calling to remembrance some autumn days six years ago, when she had first seen Ray Symington. What a happy September and October it had been! She had come into town early in order to enter school at the commencement of the session, and had been alone with her father. During these days Ray had been much with them, and she had sat listening happily to his travels by land and sea, and heard him discuss with Mr. Wayland scientific subjects in which both of them were interested. How often she had brought them tea or coffee while they sat talking, and what pleasant words and looks he had given her!

Nay, there had been something more than this. One night when Mr. Wayland had been called out on business, and they two sat alone by the little open fire that the chill October night made necessary, Ray had held her hand and said, sorrowfully, "Fortune, will you forget me when I go over the sea, and never remember the pleasant nights we three have had together?"

"If they were pleasant, why do you go away?" she asked, softly.

"You almost tempt me to ask to stay; but you are so young it would be unfair. I am an old man, child, travelled and disillusioned; it would be unfair. You must see the world first, Fortune; and then—and then if you remember me, ah, how happy I shall be! Give me the rose at your belt, dear child. Perhaps you will think of me till it withers."

"I shall never forget you."

But Ray either misdoubted the young, inexperienced heart, or he feared to trust the future with it. He only kissed the rose, and kissed the hand that gave it, and in an hour there was an end of Fortune's young romance.

Perhaps just in this very hour her good fate had turned toward her, for what she had failed to find and failed to do all morning now came easily to her hand; and even such straws as finding the exact trimming wanted may show that the contrary wind has changed and a favoring gale sprung up. She was not conscious of reasoning in this way, but she *felt* a change, and under its influence looked so bright and happy that, when she met her mother and sister at Madame Decimer's, Mrs. Wayland chose to feel irritated at it.

"You are so contradictious, Fortune!" she said. "Here you are, looking as fresh and happy as possible, while poor Gertrude and I are worried to death. It is too aggravating!"

"What is the matter, mamma?"

"Your father is so provoking! He came home early to-day, just because he knew we had an appointment with madame; and he talked such nonsense about not being able to afford this and that that it really took all interest out of our spring costumes. Besides, he actually wanted me to stay at home this summer, and send you and Gertrude with your aunt Lucy—and it's Gertrude's first season! He never has a particle of consideration."

"Mamma, I do not care about going away. I have had six seasons, and, as you say, done nothing with them. Spend what money you have on Gerty."

"But what will people say?"

"Never mind people. Papa is far from well—say that I am staying to take care of him. I am sure some one ought to do it, especially as he cannot possibly leave the city."

Fortune was quite reconciled to the lot she had proposed for herself when she saw how happy the plan made her father.

"I have not forgot, Fortune," he said, "what a splendid little house-keeper you made six years ago."

So Mrs. Wayland and her younger daughter went to the Branch, and Fortune and her father lived together in a regular quiet fashion that was the greatest luxury to the overworked lawyer. Twice Mr. Symington had called before the ladies left, and both times Fortune missed him. The call seemed to have made little impression on the family. Mrs. Wayland said he had aged a great deal, and Gertrude said he was ugly and cross and old; and there Fortune's romance ended.

"He asked after you, Fortune," said Gertrude, carelessly, as she was examining her new riding hat, "and mamma told him you were absorbed in toilets at present. So he said, 'Pray do not disturb the young lady; I dare say she has forgotten me.'"

In about two weeks Gertrude's letters began to name Mr. Symington very frequently. He and his cousin, Colonel Hill, had called on them, and Gertrude thought both gentlemen "very nice." Pretty soon every letter was full of the two names. They were the key-note to which all Gertrude's life seemed to be set, and Fortune noticed that Ray Symington was the prevailing refrain.

Even Mr. Wayland began to speculate on the probabilities of so intimate an acquaintance. "I do not think it would do, Fortune," he said one evening, after he had read and re-read a letter from his wife. "Gerty and Symington I mean. She is so fond of society, and he never cared for it. It would not do; all the money in the world would not make them happy. Mr. Symington is—"

"*Here*, my dear old friend. The servant told me where you were, and I took the liberty of coming without announcement—as I used to do."

He had taken Fortune's hand, and stood looking in her face. Then he drew a chair between father and daughter, and sat down. He had come on business, he said, but it would keep till next day; there was plenty else to talk about, and it must have been very interesting matter, for the three sat together chatting happily until the church clocks were striking midnight all around.

It was about the alteration of some property that Mr. Symington had returned. There were dwelling-houses to be turned into stores, and he had decided to stay in the city until the architect had finished the plans. It was very hot weather, and the architect could not be hurried, and Ray was in no mood to hurry him. So the days came and went in a slow, dreamy monotony that every one seemed perfectly happy with.

Ray generally strolled in to Mr. Wayland's as they were taking breakfast, and Fortune gave him a cup of coffee. He sipped it, and talked over the news in the morning papers. Then the two gentlemen went down town together, and Fortune took her sewing into the coolest room, and found her own thoughts pleasant enough company until afternoon. Before dinner she went with her father to drive in the Park; and they generally met Ray before they returned home. Sometimes he rode home at their side, sometimes he gave his horse to his servant, and took a seat beside Fortune in Mr. Wayland's carriage. When he did so he staid to dinner, and when he staid to dinner he staid until midnight.

They did not even talk together; he had fallen into the habit of asking her assent to any of his opinions by a look, which she generally answered by a bright, intelligent little nod of acquiescence; and when he had received this he went on with his argument.

But perhaps this silent understanding of each other was more dangerous than words; at any rate, Fortune felt it to be so. She could not disguise from herself that Ray Symington usurped more exclusively than ever all her thoughts and hopes, and yet she was forced to admit that he seemed unconscious of his power over her. She noticed that Gertrude had never named him since he left the Branch, and she wondered what this apparent indifference could mean. It must be one of two things—either Gertrude cared nothing at all for him, or she cared a great deal.

One morning, as she was handing Ray a cup of coffee, he had a number of letters in his hand, and in his effort to relieve her speedily he let them drop. They scattered sufficiently to allow her to see that two of them were directed by Gertrude. There was no mistaking her small, running, insignificant writing.

After this discovery she withdrew more and more from the conversation of the gentlemen, and the bright, intelligent looks with which she had used to answer Ray's inquiring glances were more and more at fault. He saw and felt the change, but failed to draw the proper inference.

Things had indeed come to a position in which it seemed to Fortune folly to nurse longer a sentiment which it was evident Ray had not the slightest desire to reciprocate. She would at once give up everything that encouraged so barren a love. Letters to destroy she had none, and as for tokens or souvenirs, she had only that one ancient brooch of a dead world to give up. It was not a pretty ornament, and she had never worn it; but Ray had told her that it was very precious to him, and valued above gold and silver. Yet he had made no inquiries about its welfare, and no remarks about her not wearing it. If he valued it so much, he should have it back; it was the only link between them, and it should be broken at once.

She walked to her desk and took it out of the little box in which it had lain for years. She laid it in her palm, and it seemed to glow and burn and reflect a thousand lights. It was lovely. It was very dear to her. She kissed it with passionate fervor. She threw herself on the sofa and wept some very bitter tears for the death of a dream so tender and so lovely, and

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIT

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ED STATES AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

she felt that all of the sweetness and dew of her youth went with it.

But as she lay weeping, Ray stepped quietly up to her side. He took her in his arms, and tenderly kissed away the sad, large tears. "Darling," he said, "I have seen all. You have kept my token; you were weeping over it. You love me, Fortune—you love me. Oh, beloved, do not now deny it!"

"How dare I love you, Ray?"

"How dare you not to love me? Have I not carried your image in my heart for six years? I won't have my token back, and I won't leave you until you say that you will be my wife. Think of it a moment."

"It is enough, Ray. I have thought only of you for six years."

"Then, my sweet Fortune, let us be married to-morrow—to-day. Why should we delay longer?"

"One thing, Ray, I must ask you. I saw two letters from Gertrude among the papers you dropped one morning?"

"Gertrude has written me in all six letters."

"Oh!"

"About my cousin Hill. Hill loves her desperately, and Gertrude has been teasing him to the point of distraction. I have written and given her some good advice; she needed it."

There are no advocates like lovers. They speak with the tongues of men and angels, and Ray won his case—in a manner. There was a hurried visit of Mrs. Wayland and Miss Gertrude to New York, and the next day all the fashionable world knew that Ray Symington had been married in the most unfashionable season and in the most unfashionable manner to Miss Fortune Wayland.

THE HOTEL PIAZZA.

It was only a wee little corner
  Of the hotel piazza, you know,
But many a scheme of young Cupid's
  Found there ample leisure to grow.
'Twould only hold two, I remember,
  Just room for one jolly young pair,
With only the vines and the moonbeams
  The joys of "flirtation" to share.

Oh, Jack, it was truly delicious
  Some warm little soft hand to hold!
There's nothing just like a snug corner
  To make a man earnest and bold.
I could bring out the sweetest of blushes
  On cheeks that were fair as the snow,
And somehow my own heart would tremble
  At tones that were silvery and low.

And sometimes 'twas Katie the merry,
  And sometimes 'twas Jessie the fair,
And sometimes sweet Annie the gentle,
  With whom that wee corner I'd share.
'Twas strange how those girls could bewitch me
  Till I fancied each heart was my own,
But between Kate and Jessie and Annie
  I fell to the ground all alone.

So beware of those wee little corners
  On hotel piazzas, you know,
Where the moonbeams can peep through the vine leaves
  Like arrows from Cupid's drawn bow.
'Tis awfully jolly—I know it—
  To risk a flirtation out there,
But it somehow brings grief to a fellow
  Which none of the maidens will share.

M. D. Brine.

EDUCATING VOTERS.

In the very serious dangers that surround our city our first duty is reform. It is of all things most necessary that we should have officials worthy of confidence and respect. The kind of officials we require may be best pointed out in negations. They should not be habitual office-seekers, nor persons eager to force themselves into power. They should not make use of their offices to plunder the community either directly or through their friends. They should have had no close associations with the men who have heretofore robbed the city. They should be honest men. Evil communications have been the chief source of our city's misfortunes, and many respectable reputations have perished amidst the influences of corrupt associations. Our city rulers should be men of cultivation and intelligence. They should at least have sufficient moral refinement to know that it is wrong to take bribes, to trade in offices, to give offices to worthless friends, to make money from public contracts, to belong to disreputable political associations and clubs, to associate with well-known political thieves, and sell themselves for votes or money.

Reform must begin with the voters. Our citizens are the authors of their own misfortunes. It is certain that a large majority among us are desirous of choosing good rulers. They have no desire to see the criminal classes occupying all the public offices. They have some interest in saving the public money from thieves, in the health of the city, in pure water and fresh air, and the protection of their families and themselves from the corrupt examples of their rulers. What father but wishes his sons to be honest men, his daughters to live honorable lives, his home to be secure from the thief and the assassin? Yet what home is safe among us with officials in league with burglars, and courts and judges controlled by the criminals they are meant to condemn? What fearful examples of successful villany have been held up before the eyes of our young men and women? What a strange history is that of the city of New York for more than thirty years!

To reform our voting class is evidently the only path to improvement—to make every voter intelligent and willing to fulfil his duty to the community. There are several ways suggested for doing this. One is the obsolete form of a property qualification. But it has been found that political virtue does not follow money, and that small constituencies are often the most open to corruption. Another plan is cumulative voting—a real advance upon uneducated suffrage. The native American requires a long education for the foreign voter and his exclusion from office. The recent annals of our city show that such a restriction would at least have saved us from many evils. This was the policy of Athens and of Rome. It is the one we practise toward the Chinese and the native tribes of the forest. In some States reading and writing are made the qualification of the voter; in others, a poll-tax.

But the true test of the right to vote is knowledge. It is because he comes from a land of brutal ignorance that the Pole or the Bohemian prepares his dynamite, and the Irish savage falls into the hands of his false guides, that our foreign population has so often covered our cities with bloodshed, and yielded only to the terrors of the law; and it is the ignorant voters of our city who have so often laid it open to plunder and to crime. An easy remedy would be to require every voter to be educated at some public school, and in every public school to require some political training. The new generation would in this way learn that it has duties to fulfil toward the state. Each succeeding generation would become more prudent and careful of its own interests and those of others. Honesty is the result of education—its enforcement, of law. The French have recently introduced a manual of morals into their public schools; the English board schools teach even the elements of good manners. An educational test for every voter would soon enforce an improvement in all our methods of education.

In our common-school system we possess the key to our future political progress. It may be made to mould and guide an honest and united nation. The details of an educational test for voting may be varied, but its principle is admitted in every modern constitution. Knowledge is allowed to be the source of all good government. The rule of uneducated foreigners in New York by its singular disasters has only proved the principle anew.

Eugene Lawrence.

MR. CLEVELAND'S COTTAGE.

President Cleveland has become a real estate owner. Just about the time Miss Folsom arrived in New York on her return from Europe he completed the purchase of a house and tract of about thirty acres of land on the Tenallytown Road, one and a half miles north of Georgetown, and about three miles away from the White House. Last summer, when he was invited by the manager or superintendent of the Soldiers' Home cottage to occupy that house, he declined, having a strong conviction against the propriety of using a building maintained by the contributions of the army. The White House becomes a monotonous residence for one who is confined to its four walls and the almost constant visits of place-hunters and anxious officers. To find a place not too remote from the Executive Mansion, out in the country, the President drove about on a prospecting tour, and a modest little gray stone house on high ground, from the front of which an extensive view of the hills of Virginia, the Potomac River, and the capital was obtainable, arrested his attention. After some negotiations it was purchased for him at a cost of $21,500, and the deed was registered in his name. It is a place with a long but not important history in the office of the Recorder of Deeds. It has been variously named "Pretty Prospect," "Rosedale," and "Forest Hill," but the latter designation is the one by which it is to be known. The house is constructed of rubble, square, and with a slightly pitched roof, and with an extension kitchen, with servants' rooms above. On the parlor floor are parlor, library, dining-room, pantry, and kitchen. There are five chambers, moderately spacious, well lighted and ventilated, on the second floor. The piazza on the south side, fronting the road, commands the best view, and was an attractive feature to the President when he first saw the place. Near by is "Woodley," formerly the home of Philip Barton Key, and not far away is the country place of Secretary Whitney, which has been known as "Grassland." Madame Iturbide, who married Count Iturbide, formerly Mexican Minister, has a place in the neighborhood. The country near by is not altogether attractive to the Northern eye, accustomed to more fertile farms, greener fields, and more luxuriant trees, but for the purposes of the President the place is admirable. It is not his intention to occupy it as a permanent residence, even for the summer, unless it should happen to prove attractive to Mrs. Cleveland. He contemplated only the occasional resort to it in extremely hot weather, when the temperature is always higher in the city than it is outside the line of asphalted pavements, and when he feels compelled to apply himself to tasks that ought not to be interrupted by casual visitors. On such days as those he had in mind, when the city is sweltering, and work in the White House is out of the question, he believes that he can go to the broad hall at "Forest Hill," and, seated at a table over which the unobstructed breeze has full play, devote himself uninterruptedly to a good deal of serious business, which would be difficult to expedite in the White House, open as it is from morning until night to every person who chooses to call.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The interesting information is brought to us from Rome that the Capitoline wolf is dead. It seems that for centuries a live wolf has been kept in the garden of the Capitol in commemoration of the great assistance that a wolf once rendered to the infants Romulus and Remus. The memorial wolf, of course, has frequently died before, but on each fatal occasion he has been promptly replaced. It is likely, however, that the one whose death is now reported will be notable as the last of his long line. Of recent years people have complained bitterly of the howling of the wolf at night, and it is reported that the Roman municipality have decided to do without a live specimen hereafter. If there is any moral to this bit of history, it must be that it is well to keep quiet when you are in the enjoyment of a sinecure.

A Chicago woman writes that she saw something in Boston recently which in Chicago would be simply impossible. An audience coming out from a reading by a Harvard professor found itself confronted by a brisk rain. Most of those who were without umbrellas lingered in the vestibule of the hall where the reading had been given, but one lady, who had a new and remarkably pretty bonnet, and no umbrella for its shelter, was not at all deterred by the storm. Stepping from the vestibule into a music store which opened into it, she obtained a sheet of ordinary brown wrapping-paper, which she deftly formed into an ample, old-fashioned "shaker," and putting it on over the bonnet which she wished to protect, trotted forth into the shower and down the street, wreathed in smiles, and with a mind utterly at peace.

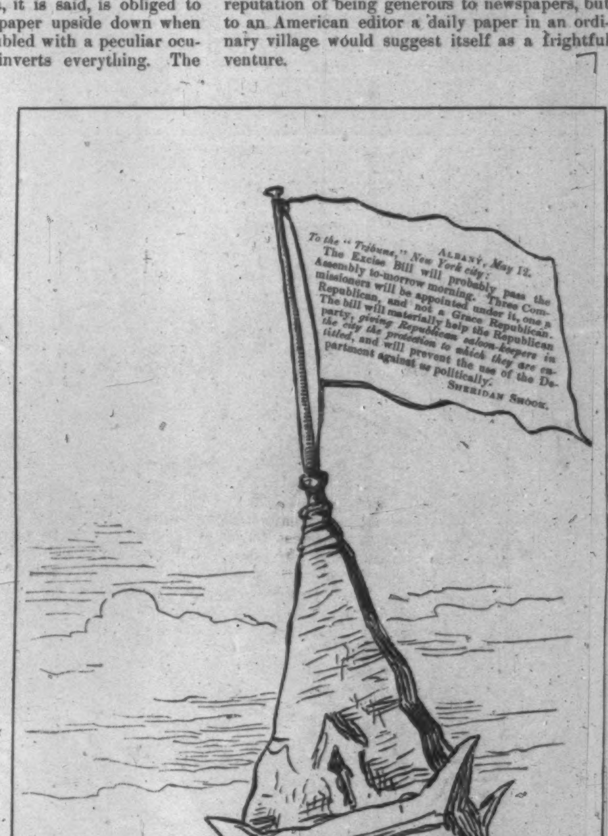
A little girl in Iowa, it is said, is obliged to hold a book or a newspaper upside down when she reads. She is troubled with a peculiar ocular perversity which inverts everything. The most ordinary matters and occurrences seem to her extraordinary phenomena. Persons who are sitting down appear to her to be sitting up, and people are constantly lying up and falling up, according to her observation. While eating bread and milk she experiences a continual surprise that the contents of the bowl do not drop out. Why the river does not tumble down upon people crossing a bridge is something that she does not understand. The flies on the ceiling she considers the most reasonable of created things.

A medical paper says that if tobacco is wet with the juice of the water-cress the nicotine will be neutralized, and the smoker may indulge himself to the top of his bent without ill effects. This discovery will be hailed with joy by some, while others will view it with alarm. The censors of tobacco who object to it on the ground of good taste will hardly be pleased to learn that it may readily be shorn of a sting which has always been rather potent in deterring beginners, and which has even kept most devotees within bounds. A great many who have refrained from its use because they considered it deleterious will hardly continue to reject it merely because it "makes a chimney of the nose." The unaccustomed youth who wishes to smoke will of course be overjoyed at the possibility of doing so without fear of the awful consequence which has hitherto been associated with a beginning of the practice. The discovery will be a severe blow to the industry of making sweet-fern cigars.

A Nevada paper says that the tires on wagon wheels are rounded off by a stony road, worn flat by clay, and hollowed out by sand; and that in the Honey Lake Valley tires are worn in grooves, or fluted, by the peculiar combination of soil; when you drive north and south the grooves run round the tire, but when you drive east and west they run crosswise, making a cogged wheel. It is the statement concerning the tires in Honey Lake Valley that casts discredit upon the Nevada paper's entire collection of remarks.

A young man in Dakota shot himself in the breast with a revolver which he had just bought. Failing to notice any marked effect, he took the weapon back to the tradesman who had sold it to him, declared it was worthless, and demanded and obtained the money he had paid for it. Shortly afterward he was obliged to take to his bed, and he died next day of his wound, without repairing the wrong which in his impatience he had done to the merchant whose pistol he had employed.

"Nearly every town and even village in Switzerland has its daily newspaper," a correspondent declares. Whether all of these newspapers, amounting to upward of four hundred, have a decent circulation, he does not say. In the old towns of Europe people have a great habit of borrowing newspapers, and one copy goes a long way. Besides, the habit of having a town-crier who cries out notices of meetings and entertainments, of articles lost and found, of sheriffs' sales, and of all sorts of other things, must seem to newspaper owners who have space for advertising purposes a somewhat onerous custom to get along with. American communities have the reputation of being generous to newspapers, but to an American editor a daily paper in an ordinary village would suggest itself as a frightful venture.



SHERIDAN *SHOOK* THE FOUNDATION OF THE TOWER OF STRENGTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

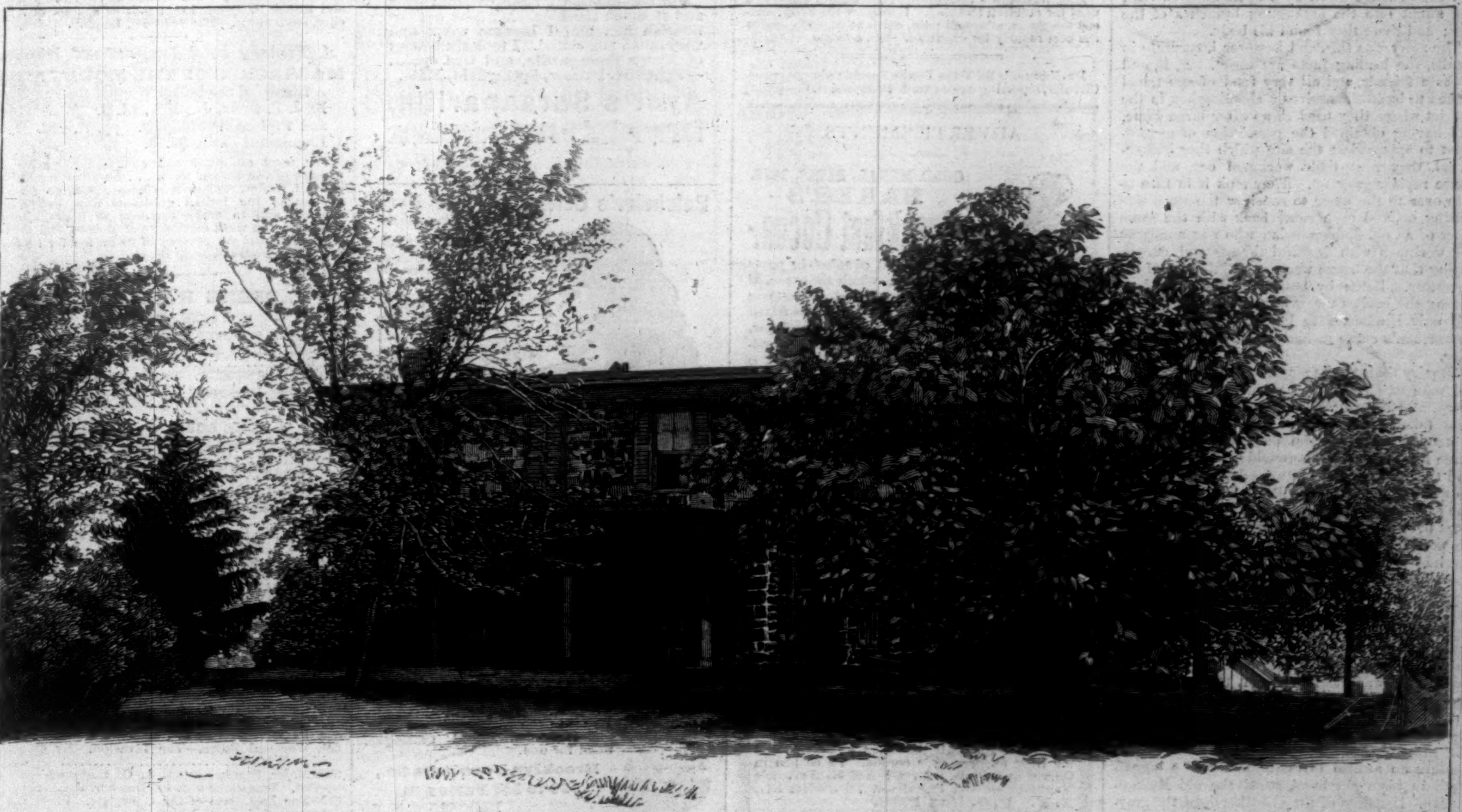
THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING—THE DEPARTURE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 378.]

JOHN KELLY.

MR. JOHN KELLY, who died in this city on the 1st of June, at the age of sixty-four, was one of the most noted and experienced of local political leaders, and had in his day enjoyed the possession and the fruits of power of a most curious degree and kind. He was best known, in the last fifteen years, as the successor of "Boss" TWEED in the leadership of Tammany Hall, but he was a noted and almost a famous leader in the field of national politics at a period "before the war," and when great events were taking place, the details of which are now almost forgotten. Mr. KELLY began life as a newsboy and an employé in the *Herald* office, and had a meagre education in one of the public schools and in the parish school of St. Patrick's. In early manhood, however, he learned the trade of a grate-setter and soapstone mason, and for many years had a shop, with his brother HUGH, in Elizabeth Street, near Broome. He very soon took an active part in the politics of the Fourteenth Ward, where success in those days had to be got and held literally by force, and his political battles involved many a hard-fought bout at fisticuffs, in which his strength, courage, and skill usually gave him the victory. His first appearance as a candidate was for the office of Assessor of the Ward, and his second, for the office of Assistant Alderman, in both cases against the faction of "MIKE" WALSH, the champion of the violent Irish element. In both cases he was defeated, but he had established his reputation as a bold leader and a hard fighter, and when in 1854 WALSH secured the nomination for Congress, JOHN KELLY, to the amazement of the leaders, who then included the afterward famous PETER B. SWEENY, entered the field against him, and was elected by the aid of the Native-American vote. He had already been chosen Alderman (in 1853) by the same aid, and had won the epithet of the "Irish Know-Nothing." In Washington, where Mr. KELLY spent four years, being again elected in 1856, he soon proved his entire lack of sympathy with the Know-Nothing party, and became the most outspoken defender of the Roman Catholic Church and its followers. At that time he was the only member of the Church in the House. He was courted by President PIERCE and Mr. MARCY, and in the National Convention of the Democratic party in 1856 he used all his influence for the renomination of PIERCE. His after-relations with Mr. BUCHANAN were not pleasant, and he soon tired of Congressional life, especially as he lost control of the Federal patronage which he had been allowed to use under PIERCE.

He came back to New York, and sought and won the place of Sheriff, which was then, as it has been since, very profitable, and he held it until 1861, gaining here a good part of the fortune which he ultimately acquired. During the next ten years he was necessarily brought into close relations with TWEED and the Ring, who then controlled Tammany Hall. But the Hall was by no means the compact machine it afterward became, and though KELLY was twice nominated for Sheriff and elected, it was only by his own strength and skill. TWEED and his men always distrusted and, as much as they dared, fought him. He was so entirely free from any complicity in their plans that, in 1868, he was induced by Messrs. TILDEN, O'CONOR, and HEWITT to contest the election of OAKEY HALL as Mayor. He was forced by broken

JOHN KELLY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. G. DIMMERS, NEW YORK.



"FOREST HILL," THE PRESIDENT'S SUBURBAN COTTAGE.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

health to withdraw before the election. HALL'S election was the final step in the scheme that led to the tremendous robberies of the Ring.

For most of the next three years Mr. KELLY was abroad, seeking to restore his shattered strength, in which he succeeded, and to gain health for his two daughters, in which he failed, one of them dying abroad, and the other being only temporarily benefited. He returned home in 1871, and immediately took a commanding position in the reorganized Tammany Hall. From this time dates his most conspicuous part in the politics of the city and the State. He took hold of Tammany with a firm grip, and was soon acknowledged as its "Boss" in a way that TWEED had never dared to pretend to be. By means of his noted Committee of Discipline, which was wholly in his own hands, he shut out from the Hall every man who would not blindly follow his orders. His first campaign, however, against the nomination of Mr. HAVEMEYER by the Committee of Seventy, was a failure. But it was made the occasion for still further consolidating Tammany Hall, and it was followed by success in pushing Mr. TILDEN as Governor and Mr. WICKHAM as Mayor, and it was from the latter he obtained the nomination as Comptroller, which place he held until 1880. But from this time on his career was one of failure in all his larger enterprises. In 1878 EDWARD COOPER was elected Mayor against his active and desperate opposition. In 1879 KELLY defeated Mr. ROBINSON for Governor by a "bolt" from the State Convention, and by running for Governor himself, but that was a negative and barren victory. In 1880 he won one of somewhat similar character in defeating the nomination of Mr. TILDEN to the Presidency, and in 1884 he failed to prevent the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. His activity was thenceforth confined to the manipulation of local offices.

Mr. KELLY was twice married, the second time to a niece of Cardinal MCCLOSKY. He was devoted to his family, and a man of temperate habits. He enjoyed the reputation of honesty in his personal affairs.

THE OLD MOHAMMEDAN'S CURSE.

Two canoes out paddling on the broad Ganges River. Two friends laughing as they race down stream with the current. The river is in flood.

"Look out ahead!" rings a cheery voice. "We can't manage that corner. We must turn into those trees."

"All right," comes the answer; "hard a-port it is;" and obeying at once the guiding paddle, the first canoe swerves toward the bank in a wide, graceful sweep, and then, driven with a dozen hard strokes, shoots aslant like a dolphin across the current and beyond it, and glides into the stillness under the shadows of the trees.

At the sudden, silent approach of the canoe a hundred crocodiles, lying only half submerged, are startled into motion, and plunge terrified out of sight, with a prodigious whirling and splashing of tails. The intruder, resting on his paddle, laughs at the commotion, and turns to speak to his friend, who he thinks is following behind. He was not there!

Two days later, dragging the inundated banks, the body was found, fast grappled in the branches of a fallen tree that was lying partially under the water with its boughs up stream. Diving, no doubt, to escape the crocodiles on the surface, he had been sucked down by a swift undercurrent, and swept into the entangling branches of the tree; and there they found his body.

The story was this, and however inaccurate in details, the leading facts are exact. A, B, and C, three friends, and all very fond of sport, had agreed to build themselves a shooting-box in the district where they used to go after large game, and having obtained the permission of government to appropriate the site which they had selected, they sent their workmen out, and the house rapidly grew up. They took it in turn to ride over to the place to see how the work was getting on, and each came back with the same story of an old Mohammedan who was annoying the workmen with dreadful threats and curses, saying that the house was the burial-place of his ancestors. Batch by batch the Mohammedans among the coolies threw up the job, and eventually only Hindoos were left, who thought a Mohammedan's curse rather a blessing than otherwise.

Inquiry through the magistrate proved that the old man was considered by his neighbors to be crazy, and careful search among the village papers failed to show that he had ever before pretended to any claim on the soil. So the three friends, having thoroughly satisfied the law and themselves that they were doing the old man no wrong, finished their little shooting-box, and one evening, at the beginning of the hot weather, went over with a party of friends and took jovial possession. Never was a merrier evening spent. Spirits were high, the prospects of the next day's sport glorious, and the champagne abundant. And the noisy dinner over, the whole party were sitting or lying in the veranda smoking their cigars. Conversation was gradually and drowsily dropping off; the stillness of the country, lying so white and so fast asleep under the vivid moonlight, was itself enough to make them drowsy.

All of a sudden the dogs lying under their masters' chairs growled. A stranger's step was on the gravel. And there, out in the moonlight, holding an armful of bones, and with a human skull in his right hand, stood the old Mohammedan. Heedless of the growling dogs, the graybeard began with a suddenness and vehemence that fairly startled all his hearers and silenced the dogs: "The curse of Allah be on you, you three that built this house! On the bones of my forefathers I curse you, you three! Before the year is over you shall all die, and the house you have built shall go with you."

He said much more, but these words, repeated again and again, remained distinctly in the memories of his hearers, and then, flinging down his bundle of bones on to the veranda with a clatter, he turned, and in full sight of the astonished party, walked up to the edge of the river-bank. The house was built close to the river on a fairly steep bank, *and over it.*

Several of the party rushed after him, the dogs all joining heartily in what they thought was a chase; but neither up the bank nor down it could man or dog find a trace of the old Mohammedan.

Talking and laughing over "the lunatic's" spiritualistic performance, they went to bed, and the splendid sport enjoyed there all through the hot weather made "the old prophet" a matter of jest.

Two months later C died very suddenly. There was cholera in the station, and poor C, attacked at night, was dead the next afternoon. But his, alas! was no unusual case, and in the many deaths that happened "poor C's" was never thought of in connection with the curse.

A few more weeks passed. B was riding home from dinner. His horse knew every foot of the accustomed road between the mess-house and the bungalow. Yet it came back to the stable that night riderless, and the servants, going out with lanterns, found their master dead. He had evidently been thrown, and died almost instantaneously from a fracture of the skull.

During the same rainy season the Ganges was in flood, and how A, the last of the three friends, died, I have already told you. And the house that they built was washed away by the same flood. The same undercurrent that had drowned the strong swimmer scoured out the soft clay bank, and the building crumbled down into the river where the old Mohammedan had disappeared.

I do not ask you, reader, to do more than I can do myself. I do not ask you to believe that the curse had any fulfilment, for I do not believe it myself. I merely tell the story of a curious coincidence.

PHIL ROBINSON.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

DR. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."—[*Adv.*]

"SUMMER SAUNTERINGS BY THE B. & L." and "Winnipesaukee and About There," two illustrated books of travel, descriptive of the Summer resorts of the White and Franconia Mountains and the Lake and Hill country of New Hampshire and Vermont, with hotel lists, tours, time-tables, maps, etc., will be mailed free on receipt of six cents in stamps for each book to pay postage, on application to LUCIUS TUTTLE, General Passenger Agent, Boston and Lowell R. R., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

A WINEGLASSFUL OF RIKER'S TONIC WINE OF COCA

In a glass of lemonade, punch, ginger ale, soda water, or even ice water, makes the most delicious and refreshing drink imaginable, and is at the same time a most excellent tonic and stimulant for both body and brain. Try it. Large bottles, 75 cents; per dozen, $8. Sold only at RIKER'S DRUG STORE, 353 Sixth Avenue, corner 22d Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. FENNER'S St. Vitus Dance Specific always cures. Circular, reporting cases cured. Fredonia, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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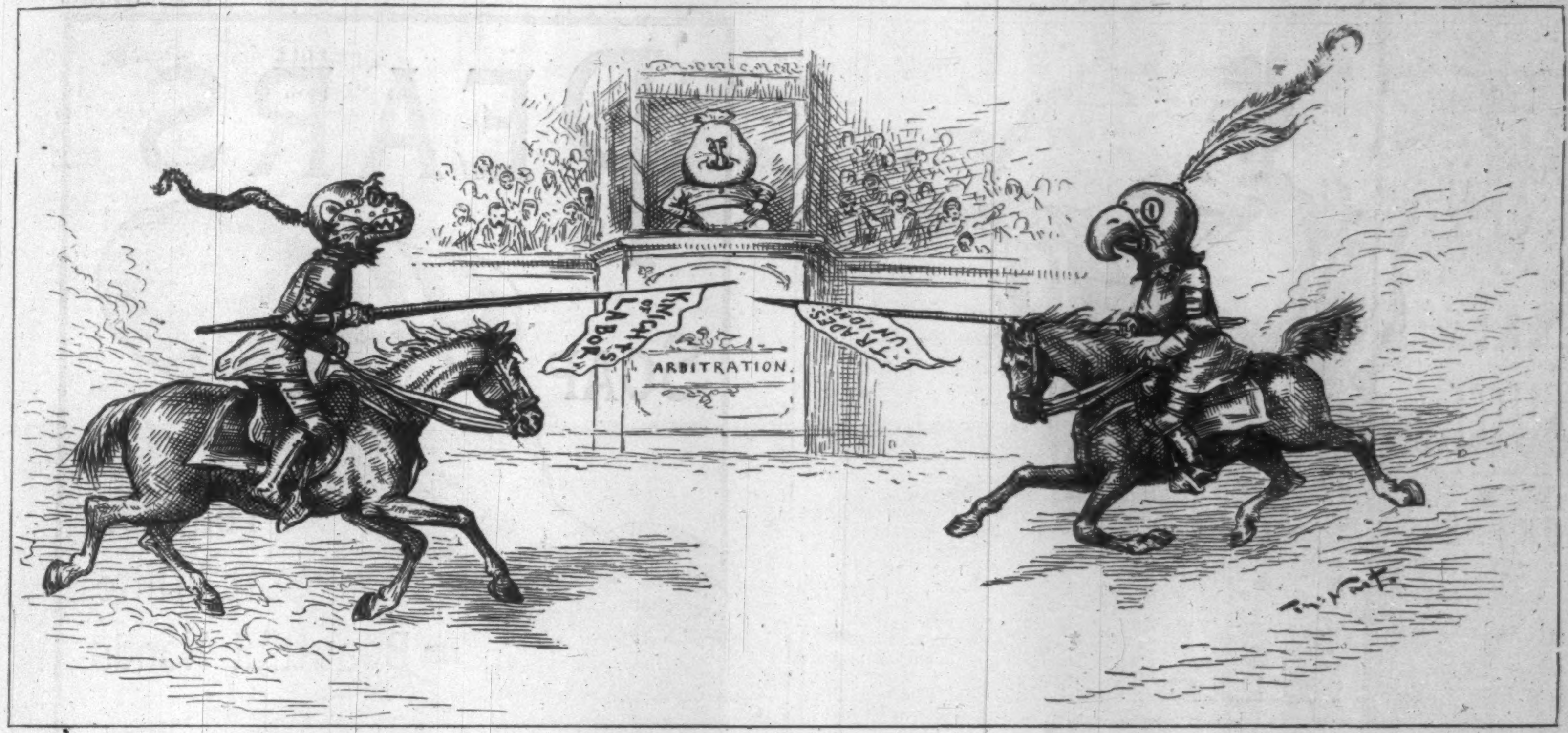

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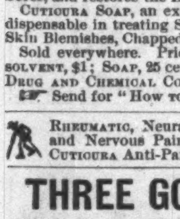

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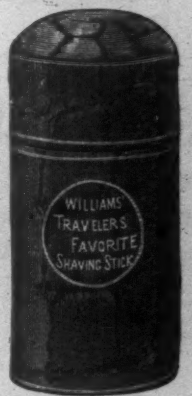

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